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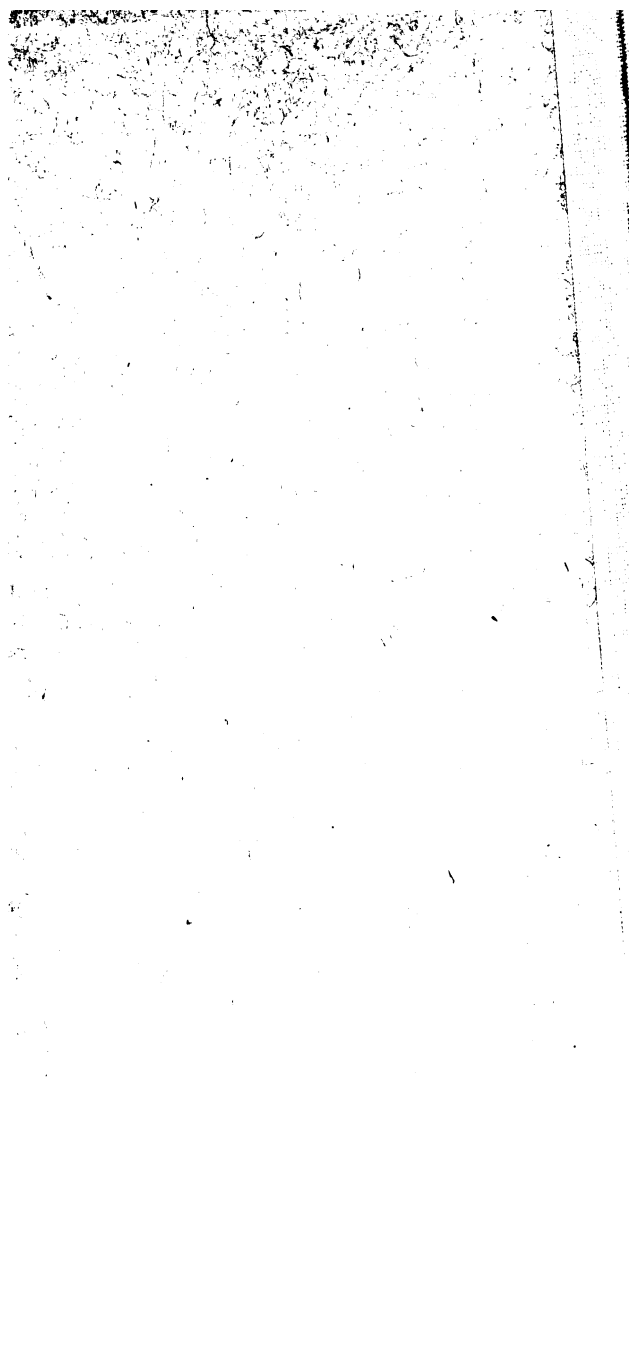
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THE
YOUNG PHILOSOPHER:

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

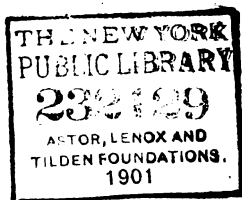
Of MAN, when warm'd by Reason's purest ray,
No slave of Avarice, no tool of Pride;
When no vain Science led his mind astray,
But NATURE was his law, and GOD his guide.

VOL. IV.

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1798.



THE
YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

CHAP. I.

Pour moi je n'ai point de système à soutenir, moi, homme simple et vrai, que la fureur d'aucun partie n'entraîne.

MR. ARMITAGE, sending up a message that he was a stranger, who waited upon her about business, was admitted to Mrs. Crewkherne: Had he given his name to the servant, she would certainly have refused him an audience; she expressed herself very much surprised when he announced himself; for notwithstanding the virulence of her animosity against him, she did not know him even by sight.

The good lady was in her dressing-
VOL. IV. B room,

room, and with her was one of those men who seem to have taken in some houses the place formerly occupied by the director and confessor. Mr. Armitage, from his countenance and appearance, immediately guessed what he was; but as he wished the whole world, had it been possible, might witness what he had to say, he hesitated not to address himself immediately to Mrs. Crewkherne on the subject of his visit.

“I came to you, Madam,” said he, “to remonstrate with you. It will not be easily possible for me to forget that there is a certain degree of respect due to your age and your sex; but as a human being, as a person who has, without any provocation, done me the greatest injury in your power, I mean not to dissemble my sentiments.”

“I, Sir!” interrupted the lady, her voice trembling, and her complexion assuming a deep orange hue; “I injured you! Sir, what do you mean? I never saw you that I know of, I am sure, in my life before.”

*

“Had

“ Had the malice with which, notwithstanding you never saw me before, you have incessantly pursued me,” said Armitage coolly, “ been levelled against me as an individual, I should never have taken the trouble to have spoken to you ; but your unprovoked assaults may have been of serious consequence to an innocent and excellent woman ; to a young and lovely girl her daughter. These ladies you never saw, or at least obtained a sight of them only by impertinent and unjustifiable intrusion on their solitude.”

Mrs. Crewkherne, whose wrath had began to conquer her fears at the words *age* and *sex*, now found it rising to a degree not easy to be restrained.

“ Upon my word, Sir, you take great liberties,” cried she. “ Very extraordinary indeed, that *I* am to be insulted in this manner.”

“ I mean not to insult you, Madam — I only intend to put an end to the unwarrantable conduct by which you have injured others. Why, Madam, did

you assume it as a fact, that Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter were people of doubtful character?"

"Since you oblige me to speak, *I will* then. I said so, Mr. Armitage, because I was told so; and because . . . because . . . why because that nobody could suppose that a woman of any fashion, of any character and reputation, would conceal herself clandestinely in a . . . a sort of an obscure, mean place, as if she had some bad design in view—and I suppose you wont *prosecute* me—as I am free to say what all the world says—as free, I hope, as another—I suppose it is no scandal to say, that every body knows your name is not very good, and that it was not very likely any person who was very nice about their reputation would put themselves into the care of a person of your character."

"Since *my* character then," replied Armitage, "thus becomes the means of injury to my friends, it is worth my while to ask you, my good lady, what parts of it have the misfortune to be so displeasing to you?"

"All,

"All, Sir, let me tell you, all. I am assured that you are an atheist, a deist, a freethinker, an illuminy; I don't know what, not I; a jacobin, and a republican."

The grave personage that sat by turned up his eyes, lifted up his hands, and uttered a deep groan.

Armitage smiled.—"Really, Madam," said he, "these charges are so numerous, and so heavy, that I hardly know where to begin my defence. I fear too," turning a little towards Mr. Habbukkuc Cramp, (the man who sat by) "that my audience are not very favourably disposed towards me. First, however, I must beg leave to remark, that I cannot be both an atheist and a deist."

"I don't see why not—I am sure there are people that go the length of being every thing that's bad and abominable."

"I don't imagine you expect that I should make to you, or this gentleman,

a confession of my faith ; but I beg leave to assure you, that I am not only not an atheist myself, but that I do not believe any man exists who will sincerely assert himself to be one. I speak not of fools or coxcombs, who may fancy some daring deviation from common sense, or some wild system, of which they understand nothing, gives them a sort of consequence with the ignorant and superficial ; I speak of men of solid understanding and sober reflexion ; I beg leave therefore to assure you I am not of that description of men called atheists. If you will give me leave to quote a play, which was written by one of the best and most pious men of the last age, I would say in his words :

If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue*.

And the question what that virtue is, in which a benevolent and omnipotent being must delight, seems to me as clear

* Addison, in Cato.

as the indisputable fact of his existence. I imagine that our way to please God is, to do all the good that is in our power to his creatures ; never wilfully or wantonly to hurt or injure one of them ; never, that we may gratify ourselves as individuals, violate that immutable law which he has given to every man—a sense of rectitude we have agreed to call conscience—Conscience, which till it is stifled, and at length destroyed by sophistry and falsehood, is implanted in the breast of every human being who has common sense.”

Mrs. Crewkherne here testified marks of extreme impatience, and Mr. Habukkuk Cramp seemed very uneasy in his chair ; but Armitage not appearing to notice their inquietude, proceeded.

“ Now, Madam, I have really spoken more on this subject than I should have thought worth my while, if this declaration of my opinion did not lead to an inference in regard to the person on whose account I came hither. These

being my sentiments, and these the maxims by which I govern myself, I am the last man in the world who would rob another of his honour or his peace ; I should most certainly consider it as a great crime to deprive a stranger of the affection of the woman he loved, but to injure my *friend*, the *friend* who trusted me, who made me the temporary guardian of those who constituted the sole happiness of his life ! to become the basest of all traitors, to violate the sacred charge he has given me ! There *have been*, I believe, hypocrites, and even men professing unusual piety, who have committed such crimes. They are said to have ways of appeasing this conscience, this internal monitor, and that sometimes the loud declamation of the pulpit, or the prescriptive clamour of the bar, are engaged to bribe it to silence—but *I* find nothing proceeding from either, that would be capable of reconciling *me* to myself, if I broke through the fundamental rule of all religion and all morality—Do unto others

others as thou would'st they should do unto thee."

"Humph!" cried Mrs. Crewkherne, "I see the wolf *can* put on sheep's clothing—I speak my mind, Sir. *You* can quote scripture as well as plays. I am sure it's a shame, if you don't follow it more, that you know it at all."

"I not only know it, Madam, but have studied it, as well as my time and means have permitted, and I dare venture to recommend fundry excellent maxims to you, particularly all that relates to lying and flandering; to taking away the fair name of innocent and blameless persons, and that merely to gratify a paltry desire of lowering them, which, if your pride was not so remarkable a feature in your character, one might suppose to be, because you *felt* their superiority."

"There is no bearing this insolence!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne, hardly able to restrain tears of malevolent rage, which might well have become the iron cheeks of Alecto.—"Mr. Cramp, I am at a loss

to understand how you can sit silent, and see me so affronted."

"Indeed, Mr. Archimage," snuffled the preacher of the tabernacle—"Indeed, Sir, this is very odd behaviour—to a lady, so respectable and worthy a lady, in her own apartment and *ours*!—I don't, Sir—I say, Sir, I don't, Sir, I can't, Sir, understand why you pretend for to presume on any such like freedom; and I begs leave"

"I have nothing to do with you, Doctor. Pray do not interpose. What I have to say to this lady is for her good—you know that humility and charity are among the virtues it is your practice to enforce.—Mrs. Crewkherne is not yet too old to listen to lectures on any of the cardinal virtues, and she will now be so good as to hear me, remembering that she has been the aggressor.—Besides, Sir, the lady, as I recollect, has not heard my vindication of the other charges she brought against me, and it is an equitable maxim, which you have undoubtedly been taught •

taught at school, to hear before you give judgment. I think, Madam, that besides the names I have disclaimed, you were pleased to say I was a freethinker, an illuminé—a something else which I had not the honour to understand, a jacobin and a republican—and first of the first.

“ If you mean by a freethinker, that I venture to think on every topic of human enquiry, and most on those which seem most to involve the happiness or misery of my species, I must plead guilty to the charge; but I hope and believe there is no turpitude annexed to the use of that faculty with which God has distinguished man above the rest of his creatures. I claim the boundless use of this power of thinking, of this power of enquiry; but I by no means am offended at those who find more convenience and ease in letting their own faculties in this way lie dormant, and commission others to think for them; they may be very good sort of people, and fit for five hundred excellent purposes. Not

a sentence shall I ever utter, not a line shall I ever write to disturb their quiescent tranquillity, and all I ask of them is, that if I do not perplex them by putting it into *their heads* to exercise this troublesome quality, *they* would generously permit *me* to make what use I please of my own, which certainly in that case (if it is a bad thing to do) can hurt nobody but myself. Having allowed then, that if to be a freethinker is not to think always as I am bid by those who perhaps know no more than myself, I must submit to that appellation. The third count is, I believe, that I am an illuminé. I have read one nonsensical book on that subject, and tried to read another, but it was so childish and foolish, and I so little comprehended what the author means to establish, that I could not get through it. If you, Madam, or if you, Sir, who doubtless are better informed, will have the goodness to acquaint me what an illuminé means, I will tell you whether I belong to the sect or no; but at present
I know

I know not how I can be a member of a party whose maxims I am so far from understanding, that I doubt the very existence of the society itself. It seems to me to be a chimera raised to terrify the credulous with apprehensions of plots and machinations imagined by they know not whom, they know not where; and whatever is involved in mystery and obscurity always impresses a sort of dread which no specified and distinct object of alarm could effect. The next charge against me (but really they are so grave and numerous that I ought to have taken notes); the next charges against me are, that I am a democrat and a jacobin. An explanation of each most alarming term is almost as necessary to me as an explanation of the former. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing in every society a vast deal about whigs and tories, though the names were then becoming more obsolete than they had been some years before — I read even more than I heard about them, and Fielding and Smollet introduced the mention of parties

parties so distinguished into novels, while every pamphlet of fifty years ago, which I read in a collection of my father's, vented the virulence of one of these parties against the other. After an interregnum, during which nobody seemed to care about either, have succeeded the names of aristocrate and democrate, which I wish people, who use them as terms of reproach on either side, would first understand. We more immediately borrowed the name from France; but like many other imported words, we apply them in senses wholly foreign to their real meaning. I believe, however, you, Madam, understand a democrate and a jacobin to mean nearly the same thing."

"To be sure I do," answered Mrs. Crewkherne, indignantly—"And I wish, with all my heart, they were all destroyed."

"Doubtless you do," resumed Armitage, "the charity which you so loudly profess would induce you to order them all to fire and faggot; but even the power of executing so benevolent
a pur-

a purpose would not gratify your humane intension towards me; since in your sense of the words I am neither. You apprehend that these democrats have a prodigious and unquenchable hatred against all established governments, and have an horror of kings and of nobility. Now I have nothing of all this. I respect the established government of my country, and never disturb it. If I could not live contented under it, I would go to another. I venerate, I honour, I would die, were it necessary, for a good king—for a king shewing himself worthy of the sacred charge, by devoting himself to the real happiness and prosperity of the people; and so far from having any detestation of nobility, I think the common objections made against their order, puerile and inconsequent. I do not believe the order inimical to the community, and I hold all the wild schemes of universal equality as utterly impracticable, and altogether absurd; so impracticable, that if it could be established to-

to-morrow, inequalities more unjust and more shocking would exist in six weeks; if, therefore, you annex this system to the word democrats, I am none.

“Lastly, as to my being a jacobin, which, I take it for granted, includes every thing that you can imagine horrible, and to be a sort of a constellation of terrible charges; I have only to say, that if you mean, among other heavy misdemeanors, included under it, that I either approve, or ever did approve of the violence, cruelty, and perfidy, with which the French have polluted the cause of freedom, you are greatly mistaken; far from thinking that such measures are likely to establish liberty, and the general rights of mankind, I hold them to be exactly the means that will delay the period when rational freedom, and all that its enjoyment can give to humanity, shall be established in the world. I deny many of their maxims, and I abhor almost the whole of their conduct. I never do believe that axiom of politicians, which says, that evil may be done to produce good. In the
present

present case I know the evil to be certain and immediate ; I am not arrogant enough to pretend to calculate the amount of the good, which may never be produced at all ; or if it is, may not be considered as such by those who shall then live ; but you must allow me to remark, that if the folly and wickedness, by which mankind have, in every age of the world, endeavoured to establish tenets, either of religion or government, were to prove the falsity of those tenets, there is no one system which would not be liable to the same objections as have been made to the revolution of France ; that it has been the source of misery, of bloodshed, of crimes, from which reason and humanity recoil with terror and detestation.— I believe I have now told you why I deserve none of the epithets with which you have chosen to load me, and in return for this plain dealing you will tell me, whether you know the present residence of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter.”

There is nothing half so irritating to
determined

determined malice as the consciousness that it is impotent.—Mrs. Crewkherne found that, repelled by integrity and truth, the shafts she had delighted to throw against Armitage would fail of every effect she intended. She was one of those worthy personages who are never in the wrong in their own opinion; and she had too much money to have heard the possibility hinted as being the opinion of others; but she felt, however unwilling to acknowledge it, all the power of truth; yet detested more than ever him who had brought home to her the humiliating conviction of that black malevolence which lurked in her heart.

Malignant satisfaction therefore flashed on her mind, when she understood by Mr. Armitage's manner of asking, that he knew not what was become of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter; that they had both been removed from the residence where they had occasioned her so much concern, she knew; and believed a circumstance so fortunate had been occasioned

casioned by the information she had given to Lady Mary, who had taken measures to prevent their disturbing Miss Cardonnel in the rightful possession of her grandfather's estates; and though the scheme, so warmly adopted by Mrs. Crewkherne, was now no longer in question, though Miss Goldthorp's fortune had probably escaped her family for ever, she was overjoyed to believe that Delmont had lost sight of Medora, who was the occasion of his overlooking his own advantage, and despising her advice, she

“ Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile;”

therefore while she answered—“ *I know the present residence of those people! No, indeed! I have no acquaintance with them—it is not likely I should! What, don't you know where they are? Perhaps your friend Delmont,*” added she with a particular emphasis and toss of the head, “ may be able to inform you. I dare say the person you call Mrs. Glenmorris understood

understood her own interest too well to lose sight of *him*."

Though Armitage imagined, that by watching the countenance of any one, he generally discovered their real sentiments, he could make nothing of the expression, compounded of ill-natured triumph and gratified malice, that predominated on the hard features of Mrs. Crewkherne. His remonstrance, far from having made any impression on her, appeared to have added to the horrid delight with which she seemed determined to hunt down by defamation his injured friends; but he doubted, whether she knew how strangely they had disappeared, and feared to afford her a new subject of triumph if he discovered it. Instead therefore of pursuing the enquiry, he said, he should probably be able to obtain a direction to Mrs. Glenmorris from some of her acquaintance in town, and then added,

"Look ye, Madam—I came to you to represent

represent to you the injustice and cruelty of the attacks you have made on the reputation, and, for ought you know, on the peace of two persons, who are not only innocent, but eminently superior to you; because they are as incapable, not only of the crimes you have so industriously attempted to brand them with, as of that inhuman spirit, which generates in your breast the passions of envy and malice, and, one may truly say, all uncharitableness. So good, so blameless, do I know them to be, that if I could for a moment believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment, I might be tempted to parody what the brother, whose feelings were outraged by a cruel bigot, is made to say by Shakespeare :

“ I tell thee, damned priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
Whilst thou liest howling.”

But *I* who have not always maxims of charity in my mouth, have yet so much in my heart, that it would give me pain to suppose that even such crimes as you are guilty

guilty of should be so chastised. Nevertheless, as neither your age, your sex, nor your fortune, ought to give you the privilege you have hitherto taken, I desire to tell you before this gentleman, your friend, that if I hear that you continue to pursue with inveterate malignity these inoffensive and deserving ladies, I shall be compelled to notice it in a very different manner." Armitage then, without waiting for the answer, which was retained by rage, and trembled on the lips of Mrs. Crewkherne, opened the door, and departed, while she, breathless between anger and awe, could not for some time recover herself, or find sufficient voice to utter the virulent abuse with which she, however, at last loaded him, her obsequious confessor listening with something like terror, while he saw her distorted countenance, and her mouth foaming with fury. Instead of speaking to her of patience and calmness, he acquiesced in the heavy accusations she continued to insist upon against Armitage, exclaiming

exclaiming — “ Oh ! madam, madam, my worthy lady !—what times do we live in, when such sentiments as we have just heard are not only entertained, but avowed and gloried in ! Verily the dragon, and the winged serpent, and the griffin, and the hippopotamus are assembled, and the nations of the earth shall be subdued.”

There was, however, an assemblage just then announced to be on the table of Mrs. Crewkherne, which Mr. Habbukuk Cramp contemplated with more pleasure—A small turbot, an excellent neck of venison from Mr. Bethune’s park, a fricasee of chicken, and a marrow pudding. So the dragon and Co. and even Mr. Armitage himself, and all his shocking opinions, were for the time forgotten.

C H A P. II.

L'argent fait tout; va, c'est chose très sûre
Hâtons nous donc, sur ce pied de conclure.

BAFFLED in his hopes of obtaining any information from Mrs. Crewkherne, Armitage returned in increased uneasiness to find Delmont.—Delmont, on his side, disappointed in every scheme he had formed to trace either the mother or the daughter, had set out post for Upwood leaving a short note to inform Armitage that he thought it possible, by the means of Susanne, who he intended to bring to London with him, to find some person who might give them information.—He would return, he said, immediately. Armitage did not foresee much advantage from this plan, but conscious that he had nothing better to propose, he continued to occupy himself in the same fruitless search.—His pain and solicitude increasing

increasing in proportion as time wore away, and deeper mystery involved the objects of his anxiety.

A fleet from North America, which had been detained by the necessity of waiting for convoy, and since by contrary winds, now arrived at the port of London. Armitage hastened to the counting-house of Petrify; he found there several letters to Mrs. Glenmorris from her husband, one to Delmont, and one to himself also from Glenmorris. Petrify, careful only about the postage, which Armitage willingly paid, delivered him the letters, and he retired, eager to read that which was addressed to himself.

But the pleasure with which the husband and the father spoke of the return of his wife and child; the satisfaction he expressed at the approaching marriage of his Medora with a man so esteemed as Delmont, and his lively expressions of gratitude towards Armitage, gave extreme pain to him they were addressed to.—“How often,” said he, “have I re-

reflected on the different lots which have fallen to Glenmorris and to me ; rejoicing, indeed, in the happiness *he* possessed in such a charming wife, in so sweet a daughter, yet regretting the cold and comfortless life to which *I*, who have neither, should be condemned, did I not animate my otherwise joyless existence by the interest I take in the friends I love — But now I have only to share by anticipation in the pain this once happy husband, this once fortunate father, must endure, when he knows these objects of his affections are—what are they ?—Alas ! I know not ; and this fearful uncertainty seems to me more hideous, and will surely appear to him (should I be compelled to the wretched task of relating it) more distracting than if I were to tell him that they were no more.”

To reflect, to argue, and to content himself with moralising instead of acting was never any part of Armitage’s character, when the service of his friends, or of the distressed, of whatever description, was
in

in question ; yet he had now absolutely exhausted every plan which conjecture had pointed out, and he knew not whither to go next.—His affection for every body that was related to Delmont, rather than any hope of hearing of Mrs. Glenmorris, led him to the house where he understood was the temporary abode of Louisa.—He enquired for her, heard she was at home, and not remembering at the moment that he wished to see her alone, found himself in the midst of a circle, which he soon understood to be composed of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, their son, Miss Goldthorp, and four or five of the Doctor's friends.

Louisa, blushing and trembling, was hardly restrained by the presence of so many witnesses from questioning Armistage about Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora. The sudden departure of her brother George, in such excessive anxiety and distress of mind, had cruelly affected her ; and incapable of giving much attention to any thing else, she endeavoured to dis-

cover if Armitage had brought any favourable news; but his countenance soon declared that nothing satisfactory had been heard. Miss Goldthorp, however, who knew but little, and cared still less about the real cause of the uneasiness she could not but observe in Louisa, was herself very desirous of attracting the notice of Armitage; first, because she heard he was an author, and a man of uncommon taste and erudition; and secondly, because of the ascendancy he was supposed to have over Delmont, for whom, though her pride had assisted her to conquer every apparent symptom of it, her heart still entertained a decided preference, and to whom, had he even now offered humbly to put on the chains he had before rejected, she would most willingly have resigned herself and her fortune.

To obtain the suffrage of Armitage would, she knew, be no small advantage; she therefore threw out her lure by saying, "Oh! Mr. Armitage! if you knew
how

how much you gratify me by being so good as to call here."

Armitage, though he had by no means her gratification in contemplation, answered in the common words used on such occasions—"You do me great honour, Madam."

"You must know," rejoined the lady, "that no creature alive is so enthusiastically fond of poetry as I am. When I had the ill fortune, or, perhaps, I ought to say, the good fortune to be confined in consequence of my cousin's skill in driving a curricie," (poor Middleton, on whom ~~an accident~~ temptuous, shrunk back) "by which you know, perhaps, I had a broken arm, at the hospitable house of Mr. George Delmont, he used frequently to read to me passages from your charming works; I have purchased them all since, and read them over and over with such delight!"

Armitage, who had really all the modesty of real merit, was distressed and disgusted; he was too sincere to affect

what he did not feel, and was besides too anxious and unhappy at this moment to be amused by this foolish affectation of admiration and literary taste ; he answered, however, civilly, and soon sickened by such sort of society as he was now among, was enquiring of Louisa at what hour the next morning he could see her alone for a few moments, when the door opened, and a servant loudly announced—" Mr. Delmont." Louisa started forward out of the circle ; Miss Goldthorp was violently fluttered, and adjusted her hair and her handkerchief. A tall, handsome, fashion-

-
Delmont ; but Louisa, running to embrace him, acknowledged her elder brother, the Major.

He saluted her rather politely than affectionately, and apologizing for his intrusion, told her he had occasion for her introduction to enable him to make his excuses properly to her friends. Mrs. Winslow, delighted with every thing that was tonish and *elegant*, was soon pleased with

with her guest; but Dr. Winflow fancied this gallant and martial looking soldier might be a much more formidable competitor for the favour of Miss Goldthorp than his brother, and dreading every body likely to impede his favourite project, which he hoped to conclude in a few months, he expressed himself but coldly towards the Major, while Miss Goldthorp, immediately penetrating his motives, was at once desirous of teasing this mercenary monitor, and of attracting the notice of the elder Delmont, who in his figure so much resembled one, whose image had taken possession of her mind as the perfection of masculine beauty.

It was not difficult either to alarm the divine or attract the soldier; and one was the immediate consequence of the other. Mr. Armitage, who saw that the literary enthusiasm of the fair lady was now forgotten, most willingly relinquished her notice, and telling Louisa he would see her the next morning, retired; while the Major, who had not without design

fought his sister at Dr. Winslow's, found himself favourably received by the only person to whose reception of him he annexed any consequence. His natural vanity and self opinion, which seldom suffered him to doubt of his own power of pleasing, gave his conversation so much animation, threw so much agreeable assurance, mingled with an affectation of admiration and sentiment, into his air and manner, that he had not conversed half an hour with Miss Goldthorp before she thought him infinitely more agreeable than his brother, and if there was any difference, rather handsomer; much superior to him as a man of the world, and beyond comparison better informed, more elegant, more polished, with a certain gallantry and savoir vivre that ranked him in the very first class of irresistibles!

Adolphus Delmont saw all his advantages, and pursued them. It was in vain the Doctor, who was very restless, endeavoured to engage for a moment the attention

tention of his visitor. Adolphus seemed hardly to recollect that he was in the room. Mrs. Winslow as fruitlessly talked of fashionable people and *elegant* houses, and all the charming things that occupied her imagination. The Major stared at her a moment, totally careless of answering, and then recommenced his attack on the heart of Miss Goldthorp, to besiege which, he now determined to proceed in form. Her person was better than he had imagined it; but had she been only four feet high,

“Lame, swart, prodigious,
“Full of foul blots and ugly blemishes,”

he would have been nearly as content, and as much pleased by her evident and sudden partiality; for not only the circumstances that had obliged him to call on his brother for money, but others yet more recent, had made a present, and a great acquisition of fortune, an affair of the first necessity.

Miss Goldthorp, throwing herself care-
C 5 lessly

lessly back in her chair, while her new admirer seemed disposed to prostrate himself at her feet, beckoned to Louisa to sit by them, and understanding that she wished to have some conversation with her brother, invited him to stay supper.— Dr. Winflow, who was neither prepared for his entertainment, or desirous of his company, could hardly refrain from expressing the displeasure he felt, while he took occasion to lament that he had no servants in town—no cook—only a kitchen maid—quite an ignorant creature—and it therefore was not in his power to entertain his friends. Adolphus would not understand him; but assuring Miss Goldthorp that no mortal was ever more indifferent to the pleasures of the table, said in a whisper, “If *you* continue to invite me, I shall stay, notwithstanding the Doctor’s repulsive attacks.” Then, turning suddenly to Middleton Winflow, who had sidled up to the part of the room where they sat, he said, “You are in the army, I think, Sir?”

“No,

"No, Sir, no," replied Middleton, who felt the superiority of this man of war, and seemed to shrink into nothing—

"No, Sir, I never was in the army."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I judged only by your appearance," cried the Major, as he proudly surveyed him.

"Why, as you observe, Major," said Mrs. Winslow, "Mr. Middleton Winslow has an air, an appearance, that has given people very often the same idea. I have had it remarked to me frequently—he has the air of a . . . !"

"Of an haberdasher's apprentice," whispered the Major to Louisa, loud enough for Miss Goldthorp to hear, "or a spruce pastry-cook, in his Sunday's suit."

Miss Goldthorp could not resist her desire to laugh. Middleton, who, like all weak people, suspected himself to be the subject of mirth, assumed all his courage, and stepping up to his cousin, endeavoured to say, in what his mother used to call his *elegant sprightly* way, "Pray, dear Matty, what's the joke?"

"You are," replied she.

"I am! am I indeed! I'm sure I'm very glad you are amused, though—I don't know, though, how I've contrived to be so entertaining just now."

"Oh! you are always infinitely agreeable—the most useful, good, little pocket cousin in the world."

"Pocket cousin! Lord, Miss Goldthorp, that is somehow such an odd expression; pocket cousin!"

"Yes, for you know you are always creeping so close to one as if you were ready to nestle into one's pocket like a squirrel; and really, if one had a conveyance of that sort made a little bigger than ordinary, one might pop you into it if one was weary of you, and just give a signal for you to come out in any public place, you know, or at any time when a creature in the shape of a man was necessary to one's protection."

"Upon my word!" sobbed Middleton, stifling his vexation under an ill-disguised

disguised laugh—"Really, Cousin Matty, you are very kind!"

"Nothing can be a greater instance, I think, of kindness," cried the Major; "would I had any pretensions to so happy a *gîte*!"

"You!" exclaimed the Lady—"Heavens! what a pocket companion would you be!"

"Try me," whispered the Major, "and you will find me, though a sort of a folio compared to your little duodecimo of a cousin, as *correct* as he can be, and then I shall look as well *bound*."

"Bless me, Mr. Delmont, what do you mean!" replied Miss Goldthorp in the same tone.

"Shall I give you an explanation? Will you have a catalogue raisonnée of my good qualities?—First, then, I am in love to distraction."

"Now, for goodness sake, do not talk such excessive nonsense—one would really think you mad."

"Then

"Then I am in the next place the most sincere, the most faithful, the most attached of human beings."

"My dear Louisa," said Miss Goldthorp aloud, "do speak to your brother—He really has so singular a way of talking!"

"No, no, Louisa, do you entertain Mr. Winslow. Sir, I assure you, if you do not happen to know it already, my little sister Louy here is one of the most agreeable and accomplished young ladies of the age. She can write an admirable riddle, guess at the most intricate charade, and develop a conundrum like a little sphinx. She has written at least two eastern tales, and had it not been that the market was overstocked, would already have had a novel, "by a young lady," in the press. She has, moreover, very considerable talents for poetry, *though I say it that should not say it*, and has frequently figured in the Ladies Magazine, under the name of Parnassia.

—and,

—and, to say nothing of her odes, her sonnets are exquisite, and, I assure you, strictly legitimate.”

“ Good heavens ! brother ! ” cried Louisa, “ what do you mean ? ”

“ I told you,” exclaimed Miss Goldthorp, laughing excessively, “ that your brother had really lost his senses.”—

“ Dear Adolphus,” said Louisa, “ what do you intend by all this rattle.”—“ Nothing in the world,” replied the Major, applying still more gayly to Miss Goldthorp, “ but like a good brother to display the extraordinary qualities of my pretty Louisa here, which her excessive modesty would conceal. I dare say now, Sir,” (addressing himself to Middleton Winslow, who stood half petrified before the group) “ I dare say you have never discovered half her accomplishments.” Winslow understood nothing of this style of raillery, but took literally whatever was said ; and his grave professions of admiration towards Louisa, which he thought the Major expected of him, redoubled

doubled the bursts of laughter that Miss Goldthorp either could not, or did not wish to restrain.

The Doctor, in the mean time, cast many an anxious look towards that side of the room, hardly heeding what the Reverend Mr. Kittiwake and Mrs. Kittiwake, his lady, were talking of, though Mr. Kittiwake was a popular preacher, and his lady one of Mrs. Winslow's most *elegant* friends, who knew all the latest fashions, and retailed all the most recent little histories in *the upper circles*, and told the most interesting anecdotes in the world of some of the greatest people in it, who possessed the greatest number of virtues, and were the greatest wits as well as the greatest politicians upon its surface. Not even such delectable conversation, nor Mr. Kittiwake's account of a person who had seen the apparition of Algernon Sidney without an head, (raised by the magic powers of one of the illuminati, who was supposed to have sold himself to the devil on condition of being able to raise the
spirits

spirits of traitors, either with heads or without, at his pleasure); no, not even an anecdote so strange, so well authenticated, and so much to the Doctor's taste, could win his attention from what was passing at the opposite end of the room— He caught now and then a word; he understood his son to be the object of ridicule; and he thought that he and his wife should be as little spared, if Miss Goldthorp once got into her violent spirits; and the figure, the manner of the Major, who was handsome, tall above the common size, conscious of his own perfections, and knowing how to display them, distracted him; he could not bear it, but approaching the young people, who were still laughing immoderately, he cried, "Upon my word, good folks, you are very merry!"—"And that is very delightful, Sir," said his niece. "It happens so seldom that it is quite a novelty to—to me."

"Cannot I be permitted to participate in your mirth?" enquired the Doctor.

"Oh!

"Oh! most undoubtedly, Sir," replied Adolphus; "and if you will only give us the subject we will be as merry over it as possible. My brother, you know, was a grave, sententious, prosing fellow; his philosophy was of the sober kind; now mine is a light, gay, airy system—a vast deal more amusing—I can laugh either with my friends"

"Or at them," said Miss Goldthorp.

"Yes, if they deserve it—why not you know?—but faith I seldom take the trouble—for if the honest fellows are vastly absurd, I am so apprehensive of laughing in their faces, that I generally cut—So *now*, Louisa, if you have any thing to say, I am ready to go down stairs with you—Doctor, I have your permission." The Doctor, whom the stroke in the last speech did not escape, and whose jealousy and apprehension were now raised to an higher pitch than they had ever been at Upwood, was willing to understand that this formidable visitor was taking his leave; he therefore said, "I wish you
a very

a very good night, Major Delmont—Sorry we cannot ask the honour of your company to supper—Hope we shall be more fortunate another time.”

“Lord, uncle,” cried Miss Goldthorp, “Major Delmont means to sup here. Louisa, my love, bring your brother back. I am surprised, Sir,” continued she, as soon as the drawing-room door was shut, “that you can be so rude to a man of Major Delmont’s family and fashion—a family too that we are so much obliged to.”

“And *I* am surprised,” replied the Doctor, “~~I stand amazed at you~~, Niece Goldthorp; I must say, that when one is so unprepared, and here at one’s town-house, at this season of the year too, it is not at all a pleasant or desirable thing to have strangers, and I know not who, invited without any notice to sup with one; I say, Niece Martha, I stand amazed.”

“Well, Sir, do sit down then, and get rid of your amazement. *I* have the most reason, I think, to be surprised; for you
know

know when I consented, foolishly enough, I think, to give up to my aunt's entreaties, my darling scheme of having an house and establishment of my own, you assured me I should have the liberty of inviting to your's any person I pleased, and"

"Yes, child, yes, my dear Martha, yes; that to be sure is true, and it is very proper and right, in general; but then consider, dear child! consider a little what is consistent, and *decorous* you know, and right. A young lady's reputation, my dear niece—a young lady's reputation is like . . . like a sheet of the ~~finest white~~ paper—it must not have the least, the minutest blot or stain—it has been justly compared to . . . to . . . to . . ."

"To a fiddlestick," cried the impatient heiress; "for God's sake, my dear Doctor Winflow, keep all this common place stuff for your parishioners at Gandersfield Green; it may do well enough for May-day girls and love sick dairy maids, and may keep them from the

false arts of perjury lawyers, who woo them with a Sunday posey all set round with sweet marjorum, and win them by half a pound of gingerbread and a cherry coloured top knot from the fair; but do not, beseech you, my nunky now, do not lecture *me*, just for all the world as Squire Alworthy preaches to Jenny Jones in the Foundling."

Miss Goldthorp then, half sportively, and half indignantly, courtesied, and went up to her own apartment to consult her glass, and adjust her looks against the hour of supper, leaving Dr. Winslow standing more amazed than ever, Mrs. Winslow ready to go into a fit, and their son but little recovered from the shock his vanity and self love had received from the striking superiority of Delmont, and the arrogant manner in which he had been treated by him.

In the mean time Adolphus Delmont no sooner saw himself alone with Louisa, than he said—"Well, Louy, shall I have her or no?"

"Have

“Have who, my dear brother?”

“Why, Miss Goldthorp, the fifty thousand pounder. Hah! how lies the ground? George has not renewed his addresses there, has he?”

“George! no, not renewed them, certainly; for he never made any.”

“But prythee tell me, Louisa; has nothing happened lately in regard to that girl, that American, that, what was she? with whom he carried on some ridiculous, romantic connection; has nothing happened which may have restored him to his senses, and have brought him back to your heiress here?”

“How long have you been in London, Adolphus?”

“I came last night; but that is a strange way, methinks, of answering my question.”

“I would know,” said Louisa, “what you have heard, and from whom?”

“Never mind what I have heard, nor when, nor where—Tell me briefly what
what

what is become of George's American girl?"

"American girl! what a way of speaking of her, brother!"

"Nay, nay, call her what you will—where is she?"

"Indeed I do not know, Adolphus; but by your manner of enquiring, perhaps you do?"

Major Delmont, smiling significantly, said—"And how should *I* know, Louisa? Do you think our philosophical farmer would not keep this phenomenon out of *my* way, of whose libertinism his philosophy has such terrible ideas?"

"Now this is merely cruel, Adolphus; where is Miss Glenmorris?"

"Aye, where is she? that is exactly what I ask you."

"We know not where she is—poor George has been distracted on her account. Surely *you* have had nothing to do with her disappearance?"

"How is it possible I should, Louisa; you know I am but just come from Dublin."

lin. By what magic dost think, my poor little Louy, that I could win this Anglo-columbian, or whatever she is, from that exemplary young man, so sober, so good, our own brother George ! you know I never saw her in my life . . . but, Louy, pray tell me —— you were in their secrets—of what nature was Delmont's connection with this girl ?”

“ Of what nature ?” said Louisa, confusedly.

“ Aye, child—of what nature ? come, come, no prudery. He kept her, I suppose, as a mistress—Eh ! He did not pretend, whatever the girl may do, that it was what you call honourable love ?”

“ Good God, Adolphus ! what have you got in your head ? From all I ever heard, I believe Miss Glenmorris is a young woman of the most unblemished character, such a one as George was well authorized to consider as his future wife, and to whom he would have, by this time, have been married, if”

“ If she had not eloped while he was
in

in Ireland, with somebody else ! Poor George ! I am really sorry for him ; his coup d'essai in sentimental, honourable love, has succeeded miserably to be sure."

" Let me beseech you, dear Adolphus," said Louisa, " let me entreat you, if you know any thing of this unfortunate young woman, or of her mother, to tell me ; you know not the consequence of your concealing any thing."

" Tell *me*," answered the Major, " whether you are quite sure, that of whatever nature might be George's engagements with this girl, he has no design to make his addresses to Miss Goldthorp."

" I am very sure he has no such intention."

" And you believe I may succeed with her ?"

" I don't see why you should not, unless her engagements, so long talked of, with her cousin, should"

" Her cousin ! What, that little milk-faced splacknuc * ? Pooh ! she is a girl of too much sense and spirit to waste a

* Splacknuc. Vide Swift's Gulliver's Travels.

thought on such a thing as that. Louisa! what are the odds she is not Mrs. Delmont in six weeks?—Oh! I'll tell you what I have had time to hear—That the brat produced by our fair Jezabel of an aunt, and who now is called Earl of Castledanes, has never been well since he had the measles, and the mother, who by the bye is going to be married again, is carrying the little wretch about for the air. He'll die, I hope, and I shall be a little nearer the place from whence the damned folly of a doltard and the art of a coquet have thrown me."

"There is still another little boy, however."

"Oh! but he was a posthumous child you know, and mama's grief for the loss of papa of course renders that little squab unhealthy—So you must *say*, however, to Miss Goldthorp, Louisa, for I intend to make the most of all my advantages, and to put the poor Doctor's mind at ease as soon as I can."

"And would you really, brother, marry so precipitately?"

"To

"To be sure I would; why not? there are no doubts, I suppose, about her fortune?"

"But you cannot be acquainted with her temper, with her disposition?"

"I shall know enough of them afterwards, never fear.—more, egad! than I wish to know."

"But if you should not be happy together?"

"Why then we must be happy as other folks are, apart."

"And are those your notions of marriage, my dear Adolphus?"

"Yes, and very good notions too, Louisa. I cannot conceive how a man of fashion can ever have any other. Thine, I suppose, are sweet, pretty ideas of conjugal felicity, taken from novels, where the hero and heroine are so vastly happy at last, as never was the like, and have a sweet babe every year, the very picture of their amiable parents—Oh! delectable! Well, Louisa, if I should meet with a dear, gentle youth, likely to suit

D 2. you,

you, I'll recommend you as a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, adorned with every excellence likely to render the marriage state completely happy; and do you, my good girl, in your turn, do your best for *me* with your fair friend, for to tell you the truth, that is an affair which will not conveniently admit of any delay, and I intend that it shall be settled forthwith."

The Major was then about to return to the company, but his sister stopping him, entreated him to tell her what he knew of the Glenmorris's. He smiled in a way peculiar to him, and said, "Why, what would you think of a young lady, vastly modest, and inexorably virtuous, and so forth, who should run up to a man in the court of an inn, throw her arms about him, and call him by the sweetest names!"

"Who has done this? what can you possibly mean? who has acted in this manner?"

"Oh! it may be the American mode
perhap

perhaps—the Transatlantic way for young ladies—or the hint may have been taken from our Gallic neighbours. Don't you think aunt Crewky would be immeasurably delighted with a niece who should so comport herself?"

He then hastened away, leaving Louisa in astonishment, and without any clue by which she could guess at more, than that he knew something of Medora, and that it was greatly to her disadvantage.

The vexation and distress of her brother George; which would, she knew, be extreme, and the uncertainty how she ought to act in revealing or concealing such imperfect intelligence, hung upon her spirits the rest of the evening; but Adolphus, gay, presumptuous, and not doubting of his ultimate success, made so great a progress in the heart of Miss Goldthorp, that she consented to an appointment with him the next day at the house of a friend, where he was to explain himself fully; and he no sooner took leave at a late hour, than the im-

patient reproaches of Dr. Winflow provoked her to declare she had now met with the man of her heart, and was determined to give him her hand. It was in vain the Doctor implored, soothed, threatened, and lamented; in vain that Middleton produced tears, and his mother an hysteric; the cruel and resolute fair one went very calmly to her room, and poor Louisa, who found she was considered as having been the cause of all this, was impatient to see Mr. Armitage in the morning, to whom she meant to disclose what she had heard from Adolphus, and to ask his protection to Upwood, if George Delmont was not likely immediately to return; for at the house of Doctor Winflow she was certainly now a most unwelcome visitor.

of noted, double villainy and selfishness he had been for some time in the hands of the law.

she was now in the hands of the law, and was to be tried for the same crime.

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C H A P. III.

A ray, half seen, from hope at length appears!

WHILE the elder brother pursued his project of re-establishing his fortune by marriage, the younger passed two days at Upwood in a state of mind such as he had never before experienced, and had not imagined possible. The scenes which he had hitherto considered as the most soothing to his taste and his imagination presented nothing now but images of his lost happiness. The charm which the presence of a beloved object had lent to them was vanished, and he no longer possessed that tranquillity which, before he had seen her among them, he had found in this lovely solitude.

He now wandered about restless and wretched, unable to endure the thoughts that crowded on his mind in regard

to Medora, yet incapable for a moment to think of any thing else. From Susanne he obtained no information; the faculties of the poor creature seemed annihilated; she wept incessantly, and was comforted by nothing but Delmont's assurances that she should go to London, and assist him in the search which he was resolved unremittingly to make till he could obtain some information.

From every pursuit that used either to occupy or delight him he now recoiled with a kind of dread. His books he feared to open; he had read them to Medora; her sweet intelligent countenance would beam upon him no more, when he remarked on some favourite passage; he should no more see her lovely eyes filling with tears of native sensibility, at a description of human misery, or gaze enraptured on the smile irradiating like an emanation from Heaven her soft face. As little could he endure to visit his garden, and when at night he passed through the conservatory to go
into

into the house, the scent of the plants, the recess where Medora had often sat at work or drawing, seemed so forcibly to recall his past happiness, so forcibly to contrast it with present misery, that he fled as if for refuge into his study; yet there he again found that Medora pursued him; and no alleviation of his torments offered itself, but what he could find in forming new projects to unveil the unaccountable mystery that the loss he had sustained was involved in . . .

Some papers that he had brought from Ireland lay on his writing table; the sight of them renewed in his recollection all the vexation he had endured in an ill-fated journey, owing to which his present insupportable misfortune had befallen him, and he took them up to throw them into a drawer, that he might lose them no more, when among them he remembered a small packet of the sketches of poetry left by the unfortunate young woman, Elizabeth Lisburne; they at least were

likely to be in unison with his present feelings. The following lines, though descriptive of a later season of the year, were highly congenial to the comfortless and desolate sensations of the present moment.

SONNET; written in October 179—.

The blasts of Autumn, as they scatter round
 The faded foliage of another year,
 And muttering many a sad and solemn sound,
 Drive the pale fragments o'er the stubble sere,
 Are well attuned to my dejected mood;
 (Ah! better far than airs that breathe of Spring!)
 While the high rooks that hoarsely clamouring
 Seek in black phalanx the half-leaffess wood
 I rather hear, than that enraptur'd lay
 Harmonious, and of love and pleasure born,
 Which from the golden furze or flowering thorn
 Awakes the shepherd in the ides of May;
 Nature delights *me* most, when most she mourns,
 For never more to me the Spring of Hope returns.

Delmont shuddered—If the sad close
 of this little melancholy effusion should
 be prophetic of his own destiny! Another, however, presented itself; a few
 slight

slight and simple lines, which appeared to be almost an impromptu

TO VESPER.

Thou! who behold'st with dewy eye
The sleeping leaves and folded flowers*,
And hear'st the night wind lingering sigh
Thro' shadowy woods and twilight bowers;
Thou wast the signal once that seem'd to say,
Hillario's beating heart reprov'd my long delay.

I see thy emerald lustre stream
O'er these rude cliffs and cavern'd shore;
But here, orisons to thy beam
The woodland chauntrefs pours no more,
Nor I, as once, thy lamp propitious hail,
Seen indistinct thro' tears, confus'd, and dim, and
pale!

Soon shall thy arrowy radiance shine
On the broad ocean's azure wave,
Where this poor cold-swoln form of mine
Shall shelter in its billowy grave,
Safe from the scorn the world's sad out-casts prove,
Unconscious of the pain of ill-requested love.

Images like these, where despair seemed to have taken entire possession of the

* "The sleeping leaves and folded flowers"

Vide notes on the sensibility and sleep of plants, and on the horologe of Flora, in the Œconomy of Vegetation, &c.

mind that assembled them, were but ill calculated to relieve the excessive depression of Delmont ; he reproached himself for yielding to it ; there was indeed but little wisdom or philosophy in lamenting evils that were not yet irremediable. He started up to shake off this enfeebling temper, and once more meant to put away the packet, the melancholy memorial of an unhappy attachment ; a paper folded like a letter dropped out from it ; he stooped to replace it, when casting his eyes on the words written on it, he saw they were a direction to himself—and in the hand of Medora.

His heart beat violently ; yet he immediately recollected that it must be some note written before he left Upwood. On examining it, however, he found it had never been opened. He eagerly unsealed it, and to his astonishment read these words:

“ I know not the day of the month—I have lost some days by the terror and fear they have passed in.—Oh ! Delmont, Oh !

my

my mother, where are you both ! what have I suffered, what have I dreaded for you !—I write, not knowing whether you will ever get my letter.—I know not where to direct ; but surely Delmont will be at Upwood.—My dear, dear mother, I dare not trust myself to think on the state of mind you may have been thrown into.—I am watched—I am confined—Hardly dare I hope ever to see you more—and I know not where I am, but it is far to the northward of London.—I hear footsteps, and dread least the only opportunity that occurs may be lost.—If The house is, I have just heard, in Yorkshire—the name of the woman, Dartnell, or something like it. God preserve my mother ; and you, my friend Delmont ! my dear friend, do not forsake her.

“ M. G.”

Delmont, hardly crediting his senses, ran over the paper a second time. The writing was indistinct, and had evidently been done

done by snatches. How long had it been written, and from whence came it? There was only the London post mark, and he decyphered with difficulty the date of that mark, which ascertained that the letter had left London about eight days before, and that it had lain at Upwood when he arrived there, before he went to London. Trembling and agitated more than certainly became his philosophy, he now summoned his servants, to enquire wherefore this letter had not been given him among others at his arrival, and at length the house maid, who had newly supplied the place of one who had married out of the family, acknowledged that she had been absent on a visit to her friends for some days before her master's return, and had engaged the cook to receive in her place a sister of her's, a girl of thirteen, who, having been employed to dust the library, had probably received this letter, and put it there, and afterwards bundled it up, not knowing its consequence, among the other papers which

which Clement had taken out of his master's portmanteau.

With this account Delmont was compelled to be satisfied; but his impatience to return to London, and recommence his search, now that he had some clue to guide him, was beyond all he had ever felt before—Hardly giving poor Susanne time to arrange her little packet, he hurried with her into a postchaise as soon as it could be obtained, and travelling all night, reached London at day-break; then scarce allowing himself time to take the necessary refreshment, he hastened to Armitage, for whom, being an early riser, he did not long wait.

A short consultation followed, when Armitage related what he had heard from Louisa, by which they thought it certain that Major Delmont knew something of Medora. Conjectures were vain and useless. George Delmont flew to the lodgings of his brother, who, as soon as he knew he was waiting for him, arose, and came to him.

“What,

"What, George!" cried the Major, in his usual tone; "what has my young Cincinnatus again quitted his plough? Well, however, I'm glad to see thee—But you are not come, I hope, to renew your pretensions in a certain quarter, because, if you are, we shall have something to say to each other in the way of Castalio and Polidore, and I shall wave my droit d'aîné and enact the younger brother."

"I am not lucky enough to understand you," said Delmont; "speak plainly and immediately, for it is a subject on which I cannot bear raillery."

"Nor I neither; of what would you have me speak plainer than I do?"

George Delmont thought only of Medora; for though Louisa had hinted to Armitage what she supposed was likely to happen as to her elder brother's successful address to Miss Goldthorp, he had been so entirely occupied by his anxiety for his friend's child as to have omitted

omitted naming it in his short conference with the younger.

"You have seen, I understand, a young lady, for whom, you know, I am very deeply interested."

"Oh! yes, certainly, she is a fine girl, but a devilish coquet."

"A coquet! what can you possibly mean?"

"Call it what you will; if the word coquet offends you, she is fond of admiration, and cares not much what advances she makes to obtain it. However they are all alike, and I have nothing to object on that score. I hope you are not going to try your fortune with her again."

"To try my fortune *again*, with Medora, with Miss Glenmorris!"

The Major could not, or at least did not try to check a sort of triumphant smile, which would have amounted to a laugh, but that he never laughed.

"You have then been very successful already," said he, "have you?"

"It is impossible for me to comprehend you,

you, Major Delmont," answered his brother. "This may become much more serious than you seem to imagine."

"What, my philosopher thrown quite out of his steady course, and ready to cut his own brother's throat about a woman!—Oh! fye, fye!—What would all the cynics, and stoics, and other sage fellows, both ancient and modern, say to such a violation of their magnanimous rules and orders. You will never be niched with faith I have forgotten their names"

"I must insist," said George Delmont, with still more gravity, "that you end this ill timed railing, and tell me where, when, and by what chance you saw this young lady?"

"First then I answer, that as to the place *where*, it was at the house of Dr. Winslow; the time *when*, was the evening before yesterday, and again yesterday evening; and as to by what chance, chance had nothing to do with it, it was

was altogether design. I went to see her, and I saw her, and perhaps too I might say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici.*"

"Saw Miss Glenmorris at Dr. Winflow's! went on purpose to see her! impossible! there must be some mistake in all this—Of whom are you talking?"

"Of the lady *my brother* (having less pretensions to be sure than *I* have) is said to have *scorned and rejected*—of Miss Goldthorp."

"Miss Goldthorp!—I imagined you were speaking of Medora Glenmorris; I understood you had seen her?"

"And suppose I have! What the devil, is *no one* to see pretty women but yourself, I wonder!"

"Tell me, I conjure you, Adolphus; it is more serious to me that you seem to suppose. *Have* you seen Medora Glenmorris?"

"What, if I should answer that I *have* seen her; that I . . . (I suppose, though, you will not believe me, if I were to tell you) that I . . . have had her pretty arms, potelè

potelè et blanc, encircling my neck . .
and”

“ Damnation,” exclaimed George Delmont, totally losing his temper, “ ’tis impossible.”

“ I will not take in offence the I you so unequivocally give me, George—but I tell you, on the honour of a gentleman and a foldier, and if it still has credit enough in your eyes to enforce the truth, on the honour of a Delmont—a name that till lately was never stained either by the falsehood or folly of the who bore it ; I *do* tell you, Sir, that this happened, and a great deal more.”

Never till that moment had Delmont felt such acute pain ; there seemed no motive for a falsehood so cruel and useless ; but to believe Medora a guilty abandoned wanton !—Delmont unequal to sustain the hideous idea for a moment ; his faculties seemed for a while crushed and annihilated, and he could only utter in a mournful tone.

“ I am prepared, Major Delmont,
h

hear all you have to say—Only relate plain matter of fact, and keep me not needlessly in suspense and anguish.”

“I thought you worthy gents, who profess philosophy, and so forth, disband-ed all this paltry sort of anguish—Look upon women as only necessary machines in the eternal dance of atoms, and with true Mahometan sang froid do not consider them as having souls of consequence enough to recall by their misconduct *your* elevated minds from the haut volée of abstract studies on matter and space, materialism, immaterialism, and all the incomprehensibility of metaphysics.”

“This is inhuman trifling, Major Delmont,” said George.

“Upon my soul, considering what you profess, George, you do most terribly betray the cause of philosophy; however I’ll humour your frailty, and relate briefly my adventure with your Transatlantic nymph, assuring you, however, that if it had not another catastrophe, it was no fault of mine.”

“Where

"Where is she now?" cried Delmont, impatiently.

"Across the Atlantic again for what I know; but listen to me like a disciple of the stoic philosophers, and then—

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver

"Of my short day of love; what sighs, what oaths,

"What protestation, and what charm of flattery

"(If such proceeding I am charged withal)

"I would have won her with."

"I am in the wrong, Sir," cried George Delmont, "to expect from you any thing but unfeeling ridicule and misplaced buffoonery."

"Poor George! jilted by a baby! crossed in love by a coquet in leading strings. This comes of your horror of women, "in a certain style of fashion." Oh! forsooth, you had the trembling abhorrence of a country curate towards women of the world. They were dissipated, they were vain, unfeeling, insatiable in avarice for money to stake at the gaming table;

They lisped, and they ambled, and nick-nam'd
God's creatures.

You would have a creature fresh from the hands of nature ; a beautiful piece of unadulterate clay, which you might mould as you would.

“ But the first “lawyer” she saw, she changed her love.”

“ A lawyer !” cried Delmont with increased passion and impatience.

“ Yes, yes, let me recollect. Upon my soul I have forgotten now whether it was the lawyer himself, or the lawyer’s clerk, or only his brother, or cousin, or some relation ; however there was a lawyer in question, who decoyed her, poor pretty maiden, from her Mama.”

“ Decoyed her ! Curses light on . . . ”

“ Why now there it is again. I am trying to recollect all about it, and you wont have patience to hear me. I should get through my story as well again if you would not disturb my naturally clear and methodical manner of narration by bouncing and flying round the room like a mad cat.”

George saw that his sollicitude really
defeated ,

defeated its own purpose, and therefore made an effort to stifle the expression of the cruel emotions he felt. His brother went on——

“ I was travelling, as you know, from my friend Willefly’s in Yorkshire. My way was on the great north road. I stopped at Skipton to change horses. It was evening, I ordered coffee, and while it was preparing, sauntered in an idle sort of way into the inn-yard. The people were tedious. I went up to the bar, and asked some inconsequential questions of the barmaid. The wench was pretty and saucy, and I remained talking a country-quarter kind of nonsense to her, till I was suddenly, faith I may call it embraced, by two very sweet white arms, and called upon by the name of “ Delmont, dear Delmont,” to which of course I answered like a preux chevalier, and the more readily when I saw those very kind words were uttered by the pretty mouth, and assisted by two bright yet soft eyes of a very lovely girl.”—He paused.

“ Go

“Go on,” said George Delmont—“Go on, I beseech you.”

“But however flattering this was, it did not proceed quite so delectably; for the dear little flutterer no sooner saw my face, and heard me speak, than she gave a scream, and fled away like a lapwing.”

George now thought he comprehended, that Medora had mistaken his brother for him, since in their height and size they very nearly resemble each other. He became more impatient than ever when the Major added, “However, I could not let the charmer escape me, so I pursued her.”

“You did not dare to insult her?”

“The most unpardonable insult to a fine girl would surely be to seem insensible of her charms, and especially, you know, after such an attractive salutation as that. So I made the best of my way to apologise to her, and at the end of a long passage, up stairs, overtook her, and returned with interest the *accolade* she had favoured me with.”

"Medora! my Medora!" cried George,
"Good God, to be so treated."

"How should I know she was your Medora? She seemed to me to be every body's Medora. But she made, to do her justice, a very tolerable story of it; but take notice, I did not know it was your little Yanky till"

"Till when?"

"Why, not till—till I had made violent love to her, and proposed her making the same journey with me, that she had intended with the foolish fellow she set out with—Not that I meant to have carried on the joke even as far as the blacksmith's—I thought there would be no great difficulty in persuading such a pretty chitter-face as that long before we reached the confines of Scotland, that she had made an excellent exchange. However, instead of listening to me a l'aimable, as the little dears generally do, she made a prodigious to do about her mammy, moaning like a stray lambkin, and at last told me she belonged to you."

*

"And

“ And had *that* declaration,” said George Delmont, sternly, “ no power to restrain your licentious conduct towards her?”

“ How do you know,” replied his brother, “ that my conduct *was* licentious, as you call it. But have patience, and I’ll go on. The mention of your name of course brought on an explanation. The dear little girl made it out very prettily, though not very probably, that she was carried away by a stratagem from the hotel where she lodged, and taken great part of the way into Scotland; but the adventurous cavalier, who was, as far as I could understand, a lawyer’s clerk,

Some clerk foredoom’d his master’s soul to cross,
Who sought adventures while he should engross;

this knight of the quill, unused to any such refractory damsels as was this young squaw from the wilds of America, was so much alarmed by her threats, or awed (if you like that better) by her *virtue*, that instead of carrying her any farther, and marrying her whether she would or no,

he *took* her to his mother's, and as the mother was not likely to prevail where the son's gallantry had failed, they kept her pretty much confined, for poor Quill began to be frightened at what he had done. However, there was no restraining a nymph who had been reared on the broad basis of continental freedom, and off she went out of the window to get *from* a lover, who, for aught I knew, she had sprung out of another to get at; but the fellow was certainly a fool, and knew not how to manage what he had undertaken, and the girl was of course sick of him."

"What was the name of this accursed rascal? and where may I find him?"

"His name I am not clear in—Never mind his name—Let me go on with my story—So not liking, I tell you, her confinement, your fair Columbian, *un belle soirée*, the moon being at full (which in such cases is always requisite) sat forth alone, and walked with supernatural powers, as your heroines always do, till she overtook a cart with a woman and her

her children in it, who were removing on some parish complaint to Skipton—They were a sad sick crew, and dying of an infectious fever”

George Delmont started in horror, clasped his hands eagerly together, and seemed almost unable to endure this additional shock.

“Fever!” cried he, “an infectious fever! and my Medora!”

“Your Medora, as the woman at the inn told me, nursed the children, and gave money to the mother; all she had about her, and bought them wine; and so they all got to a small hedge ale-house together, from whence the carter, who had driven them, shewed her the way to a better inn—and there she put herself into the protection of the man and his wife, who had agreed to put her into one of the night coaches for London, when from a window on the other side of the inn-yard she saw me, and, as many other beautiful young ladies have done, threw herself into my arms.”

“ You cannot misunderstand *that*, I think, Major Delmont, it was on *my* protection she meant to throw herself. You must immediately, nay you did immediately, understand it so. And *had* you then so little honour, so little principle, as to abuse this confidence ? Tell me, Sir, where is she now ? ”

“ Really, George, this sort of treatment I do not understand, though I have borne it for some time.”

“ Nay, Major Delmont, it is I who have had to endure the contumely, which not only now, but on all occasions, you think proper to treat me with ; but which, on any other occasion, I could much better forgive. To end discourse which is insupportable, tell me where Miss Glenmorris now is ? ”

“ Upon my soul I do not know.”

“ That answer, Major Delmont, will not satisfy me.”

“ It must, Farmer Delmont, for I have no other to give you.”

“ Where did you leave her, Sir ? ”

“ I did

" I did not leave her at all—the little ungrateful baggage left me."

" And would she have done so ? would she have fled from protection which, from so near a relation of mine, she would have thought she had a right to claim, had you not, instead of befriending her as a brother, insulted her as a libertine ? I know Medora well, and know that no false prudery would have driven her away alone and destitute. You rudely, you cruelly took advantage of her helpless situation."

" Upon my soul I only told her she was a bewitching girl ; and would you, who are a professed lover of truth, quarrel with me for that ?"

" It was unworthy of you as a gentleman and as a man."

" I represented to her, that if she was disposed to continue her journey northward, I was very much at her service ; or if she would honour me with her company in my postchaise to London, she

would make me the happiest of beings, and so forth."

"And if you had made such an offer as a man of humanity, of honour, ought to have made it, would she not joyfully have accepted it?"

"I assure you I intended she should have accepted it; and upon my soul she was frightened at nothing; or she might repent, for ought I know, and wish to return to Goosequill. Yet, hang it, the dear rogue looks too intelligent for that; she can never have so bad a taste. I declare, George; nay, now I am serious, that I began playing the fool, that is, only making fine speeches; for I did not touch the end of her imperious little finger; I began, I say, playing the fool—only because the witch was devilish handsome, and I had no very exalted opinion of her sublime virtue from what I had learned one way or other about her; but when I saw I could make nothing of her for myself, and had been convinced she was a true turtle
dove

dove to thee, why I should have quietly made the best of it, and brought her back as properly and soberly as a cardinal or a judge. The monkey, I tell you, took fright at nothing. A girl, who had seen only one winter in London or Dublin, would never have thought of such skittish nonsense; but your rice bird, forsooth, would not trust me, a little deceitful toad, but was off again in the morning—I could not find where or for what.”

“And have you no means of telling me, Major Delmont,” said George, shewing him the letter he had found at Upwood, “whether this letter was written before or after you met Miss Glenmorris.”

“Before, I think most likely,” said Adolphus, after he had perused it. “Well!—and so now. What do you intend to do?”

“I know not. I am distracted! Oh! Adolphus, would I have acted towards the woman you loved, as you have done towards this dear, innocent, injured girl!”

E 5 George:

George Delmont then, without waiting for an answer, went again to consult Armitage, meaning to set out instantly for the north. His brother, forgetting in five minutes all that had passed, dressed himself to ride in the park, where Miss Goldthorp had promised to meet him, and where the plan was finally arranged. Miss Goldthorp, in a week afterwards, became Mrs. Delmont. Dr. Winflow stood amazed at her cruelty, and lost his appetite in consequence of this bitter disappointment. Mrs. Winflow's fits were so serious, that she was hastened to the sea and poor Middleton determined to escape from the raillery of his acquaintance, the amazement of his father, and the nervousness of his mother, by driving his curicle on a tour to the Lakes, about which he cared nothing.

The Major and his bride sat out in great splendor for Southampton, in the neighbourhood of which his regiment was quartered.

C H A P. IV.

Hélas !—où trouver des traits et des couleurs,
Qui puissent retracer l'excès de ses douleurs ?

TEN miserable days had passed since Mrs. Glenmorris had been confined and treated as a mad woman. Reduced to the last stage of weakness by a devouring fever, she recovered her reason only to know that she had lost every thing else. Why she was where she found herself she knew not, nor by whose authority she had been placed there. Her extreme languor and feebleness permitted her not to remonstrate; it hardly suffered her mildly and plaintively to entreat of the persons she saw around her information as to the cause and duration of her confinement, and implore them to tell her if Medora, her dear child, had been heard of, and would be restored to her.

Those whose business it was to attend the invalids in the house treated her now with gentleness and humanity; but they told her that all questions were useless, and that she must forbear to make them. Very fain would she have known if the idea, that confusedly floated in her mind, of having seen her mother, had any foundation, or was merely the dream of delirium. It was in vain the unfortunate mother of Medora endeavoured to recal distinctly the succession of images which seemed to have passed through her mind, before they were totally lost in the overwhelming misery of her loss; a loss which, though it had not at first wholly annihilated her faculties, had from its very commencement so shaken them as to be absolutely insupportable when her endeavours to recover that loss were evidently vain; and even now, when she thought of what the present state of her daughter might be, she became sick and giddy. The earnest, the agonizing desire to set forth once more in search of Medora,

Medora, and the cruel certainty that she was herself a prisoner, continually overcame the little strength she had acquired, and she was compelled to throw herself on her bed, and shut out the light—the light that seemed to reproach her for beholding it, when the only object she delighted to gaze upon was no where to be seen.

The woman, who was chiefly her attendant, endeavoured sometimes to reason with her and sometimes to amuse her; but in such a state of mind the most profound reasoning would have failed; and such as a coarse and uneducated woman could offer, served only to tease and irritate her; yet as she could never prevail on the woman to leave her alone any where but in her own room, she often declined what the woman told her was directed by her physicians, to walk in a large garden that belonged to the house. It was surrounded by an high wall, and terminated by a group of old limes, to which there had formerly been a walk of
cut

cut holly, but it had long been suffered to grow as a shade and screen for the unhappy patients, of which there were never less than six or eight in this large and melancholy abode, which had formerly been a nobleman's villa, and fifty years ago had frequently received the statesman at his hours of retirement, and the courtier in his moments of relaxation; but sold on the extinction of the male branch of the family, it had been now for many years a receptacle for lunatics, whose friends could afford to give very high prices for their accommodation.

Like all those, who with even morbid sensibility, have encountered singular calamities, Mrs. Glenmorris found nothing, that during her convalescence, was so soothing to her as the air—There, it seemed as if, shaking off the weight that impelled her to the earth, she could expatiate in boundless space, and again meet that angelic creature, who, she feared, was for ever lost to her in this world of woe and disappointment. In the air she breathed!

breathed more freely ; her heart, though it unceasingly vibrated to anguish, was less choked (if such an expression is allowable) in the air than when in a room, and with the poor equivocal maniac, who was for a while the object of (*talked of*) charity, and then heard of no more, the unhappy mother of Medora often said, while deep drawn sighs seemed at once to rend and to relieve her heart, that *there was nothing good but liberty and fresh air* *.

This indulgence, however, was now for some days positively refused her, unless her guard accompanied her, whose prate was distracting to her, and who, by way of reconciling the poor languid patient to the loss of reason, real or supposed, thought it very proper to tell her how many ladies she had attended in the same disorder,

* I believe I have made some of my heroines (I know not which) say the same thing, but it is a sensation ever so present to me in my own person that it must be forgiven if it is here a repetition, or an instance of egotism.

some

some of whom had been released after two or three years, while others had died in the deplorable condition of lunatics. Mrs. Glenmorris had no heart now to attend to the sorrows of others; her senses, her feelings were all absorbed in her own. Hardly conscious that the world had contained any other than her husband and her child, she was awake to little else than the consciousness that from Glenmorris she was divided by the great Atlantic Ocean; and that the wretchedness that had overturned her reason, and was hurrying her fast to the grave, would, as soon as Glenmorris should know it, deprive him of reason, and probably of life.—Hourly feeling it more and more impossible to survive the loss of Medora, she was conscious that Glenmorris could as ill outlive the certainty either of her death or her disgrace—the disgrace of his adored child would be to him more insupportable than death.

Images of what might have been came incessantly to her mind, aggravating by contrast

contrast that which was.—If at any time she could prevail on her talkative attendant to be silent, as she sat on a bench in the small grove of limes, she closed her eyes, and wrapping the green farcenet round them, with which her bonnet was enveloped, felt the air blow softly on her face, and listened to the sighing of the wind among the trembling leaves, such were the sensations, such the sounds she felt and heard in the beginning of summer, when Delmont and Medora were with her, or when she looked towards the woodwalk, certain of seeing them return with collections of wild flowers, Medora, perhaps, singing to Delmont one of those simple airs she had learned in America, or Delmont repeating to her some favourite passage in one of those poets in whose works he delighted. The breath of Heaven was still fresh and pleasant, diffusing the musky scents of summer declining into autumn; but fancy could not long delude her; she opened her eyes after it had

had embodied awhile the figures she used to see; she looked around her, but how different were the objects from those so dear to her heart—a woman set over to control her, from the idea that she had lost her reason, and was no longer capable of self-government, and every inanimate object strange and foreign to her; she neither knew the gloomy place where she was, by whose means she was conveyed thither, or who supported her—to die unknown here would have been her only wish, had she been sure that she should never again have seen Medora.—Medora happy as the wife of Delmont, or in the protecting arms of her father.

As from mere inability to resist, the unfortunate Mrs. Glenmorris had sunk into passive silence, and did or submitted to whatever she was desired to do, the persons about her, and the medical man who attended her, took it for granted that she was gradually settling into melancholy madness, a transition very frequent from raving delirium; they therefore

fore by degrees contented themselves with keeping from her every instrument by which she could injure herself, and insensibly relaxed in that vigilance which had at the beginning of her recovery so distressed her. Her guard at first trusted her to walk within her sight at some distance; then satisfied herself with looking after her now and then, and at length suffered her to walk or sit whole hours alone among the lime trees. The attending apothecary (for the physician only came in cases of emergency) perceiving that his interesting patient became calmer in proportion as she was subjected to less restraint, ordered all appearance of suspicion to be as much withdrawn as was consistent with her safety; and nothing contributed so much as this release from officious persecution to restore to the poor mourner the power of thinking, which the irritability of her nerves had so long taken from her.

By degrees then Mrs. Glenmorris recalled, though it was still confusedly, the circumstances

circumstances that had preceded her total loss of reason. She had no traces of any thing afterwards, but some faint yet terrific idea of Lady Mary de Verdon. If it could once be ascertained that she had really been in the presence of her mother, it would give her an insight into the causes of Medora's disappearance, for she well knew that the Lady Mary was capable of taking any means, however unjustifiable, to prevent what she so greatly dreaded, the success of a competitor for Miss Cardonnel's fortune. There was so much ease in the hope that Lady Mary had conveyed away her grandchild, that the mother delighted to cherish it; for though, only a few weeks before, she would have considered such a deprivation as the most cruel outrage, yet as Lady Mary would merely prevent the appearance of Medora to claim the estate, and she would suffer no other injury than confinement remote from her mother, the contemplation of this sort of robbery now was relief and satisfaction, compared

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to those fearful apprehensions that had driven that mother to distraction.

This hope, which hourly became stronger, served more than any thing to relieve the mind of Mrs. Glenmorris, and restore it to its former tone. She assumed a more tranquil air, flattering herself that she should by that means induce the people she saw, and particularly the apothecary, to trust her with the secret they had hitherto so guardedly kept, viz. *who* had engaged their care of her, and by whom they were paid? But the man, on whom she principally relied for information, though very attentive to her, and appearing unusually interested for her health and ease, was so cautious in his answers, and so artfully evaded the oblique interrogatories of his patient, that, though she could find nothing to contradict her hopes, nothing escaped from him that confirmed them.

Mr. Seton (which was the apothecary's name) was one day sitting with her, when she commanded herself so much as
to

to converse on indifferent matters, which she had never done before, and even with some degree of cheerfulness. On a sudden she said, " Mr. Seton, whatever may have been the state of my mental or bodily health when first I came under your care, I think you must now for some time have been satisfied that my confinement is wholly unnecessary ; it becomes therefore so unjust, that I am convinced you, who are an honest and a good man, will never be accessory to its continuance. You cannot deny but that I am perfectly in my senses. Who has a right to make me a prisoner ? By whose orders am I detained here ? "

Seton appeared very much confused. " I own, Madam " answered he, reddening, and in great agitation ; " I own that your cure has very happily advanced within these last few days ; I shall undoubtedly make my report accordingly ; but you must be sensible, dear Madam, *that* is all I can do. I am not a principal in this concern—I am merely employed

ployed to follow the orders of Sir John St. Dennis, the physician, and beyond the directions Sir John has given, you must be sensible I can do nothing."

"Yes," said Mrs. Glenmorris, taking a letter out of her pocket, which she had prepared, "you can oblige me in an instance with which Sir John St. Dennis has nothing to do; you can convey this letter for me to the post."

Mr. Seton looked at the address; it was to Armitage; he shrunk back, and again his countenance, which Mrs. Glenmorris narrowly watched, expressed something extraordinary.

"No, no indeed," said he, "I cannot; 'tis utterly impossible—I must not—I am particularly *ordered* not to take any letter to *that* any letter at all, I mean, from any of the patients in this house."

"And particularly not from me to *that* gentleman," said Mrs. Glenmorris—"Oh! I understand—you received that prohibition from Lady Mary de Verdon, or from Mrs Grinstead."

"No

“No indeed, Madam; I never saw Lady Mary, never in my life.”

“Nor Mrs. Grinsted?”

“I protest, dear Madam, that I am not acquainted with Mrs. Grinsted.”

“You may as well tell me; for that sort of evasion by which a man of natural integrity shrinks from the falsehood he is ashamed of, while he yet cannot determine to tell the truth, is so easily understood, that I need no other than the sentence you have just uttered to convince me, that my being here, as well as the cause which gave an excuse for hurrying me hither, is owing to the machinations of Mrs. Grinsted (whom I trusted) under the directions of my mother, Lady Mary de Verdon. Nay,” continued Mrs. Glenmorris, “do not look so much alarmed at my having discovered this; it is so far from being unwelcome to me, that nothing will so greatly relieve my mind as a confirmation that I am right in my supposition. My mother alas! must I call *her* mother who would rob me of

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my child ! My mother, who expelled me from her affections long before I could have done any thing to forfeit them, had first the cruelty to take from me my only delight, the sole pleasure and comfort of my life, by which she knew I should be driven to despair, and then took advantage of the anguish she inflicted, to affix on me the charge of lunacy, and to confine me, *she* hopes, for life. And why has she done all this ? To prevent the just claims of my child, and my own, from being established, while for the daughter of my sister she is accumulating more than any one person ought to possess, with the hope of marrying her to some man of equal fortune, as if such exorbitant wealth had the power of bestowing happiness. Gracious God !” exclaimed Mrs. Glenmorris, eagerly clasping her hands, and *looking* the appeal she made to heaven—“ Gracious God ! what is there in this redundancy of fortune that can secure one hour of superior enjoyment ! I,

who have possessed so little of the great riches of my father, have never been unhappy on that account. Medora has learned to do without any superfluities; her pleasures are all such as are easily obtained; her wishes moderate; the sweet simplicity of her character has formed her taste." (Mrs. Glenmorris could with difficulty proceed to speak of her daughter.) "Medora has a thousand times implored me to relinquish the attempt we were persuaded to make for the acquisition of fortune, which she desired not. Oh! would to God we had done so! I should not now in bitterness of heart have missed my lovely girl without knowing what has been her fate.

"But," added she, after a momentary pause, during which she endeavoured to conquer these painful emotions, and to speak with firmness. "But if Lady Mary has deprived me of my daughter, I know that deprivation can be only temporary; and let me, Sir, implore you to bear to

this mother, who has outlived her feelings, my message relative to my child and me. Oh! tell her, Mr. Seton; go to her instantly, and tell her that I will sign any paper she shall send me, resigning every claim I can possibly have, either for myself or my posterity, on the estate of Gabriel Anthomo de Verdon, my father. Tell her, if she will restore Medora to me, we will most solemnly engage ourselves to go immediately to America; and indeed I will neither resent the inhumanity of her conduct towards me, or ever again let her hear my name or my child's.

Mr. Seton, in fact, understood nothing of the latent cause of Mrs. Glenmorris's confinement; he only knew that she really was, at the time she was brought to the house he attended, in a state fit only for confinement; and that Mrs. Grinstead, in the name of Lady Mary de Verdon, had given directions for her reception, and undertaken the payment. All that the interesting patient said, therefore, appeared so

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probable,

probable, and her earnest, her affecting manner influenced him so much, that hardly had the sense of his own interest weight enough to induce him to refuse her first request of conveying a letter; yet he had been strictly enjoined not to take any letter, and had heard orders given against suffering her to see or to hear from a person of the name of Armitage.

Mrs. Glenmorris, though now appearing so clear and reasonable, might be only in a lucid interval, and he should commit himself both professionally and otherwise if he yielded to her importunity. All he would do, therefore, was to assure her, that though he could not charge himself with a letter, since it was contrary to a general promise he had given, which ought to have the force of an oath, yet he would make such enquiries as might help to tranquillise her mind about her daughter, and give such a report as should, he hoped and believed, hasten her own release from confinement.

Having

Having said this, Mr. Seton, afraid of hearing again the voice, and listening again to the entreaties he had no power to resist, hastened away, and left Mrs. Glenmorris more and more convinced that her conjectures were well founded, and that Medora had merely fallen into the power of her grandmother; and while her heart revolted from the cruelty of such a proceeding, it was yet soothed by the hope that Medora had suffered no outrages from the profligate, no personal distresses, either from poverty or insult.—“No,” said she, “Lady Mary will content herself with taking from us the power of sharing her fortune with Miss Cardonnel, and *that* we are ready to resign—She will give me again my Medora, innocent and lovely as she was when I lost her. Delmont will not love her less because these visionary projects of fortune, on which he never bestowed a thought, are faded for ever. We shall be reunited, and rejoin Glenmorris before his heart

can be wounded by the intelligence of this mysterious, this cruel separation."

This way of accounting for all that had befallen her was so salutary, so soothing to the sick heart of Mrs. Glenmorris, that it considerably accelerated the return of her strength, for she now slept, and still awoke in the hope of terminating her confinement and being restored to her daughter. Three days thus passed, and in their progress she endeavoured to amuse her mind by a recurrence to such of those studies as used to delight her, and were still within her reach; but when she contemplated a flower, or gazed of an evening on the immense volume of magnificence and radiance above her, all the precious hours she had passed with her daughter, instructing her in botany or astronomy, returned to her recollection; and the question, shall our morning or evening studies ever be again so enjoyed? came to her mind so embittered with doubt and apprehension, that it was impossible

possible to proceed, and she threw away the jasmine which she gathered, as it half embowered the window, being the growth of half a century against the wall of the house, or closed the shutter, rather than behold the stars or the moon, whose brilliance or whose progress had so often been the subject of their evening conversations.

CHAP. V.

Spes addita fuscitas iras.

DELMONT, after a short conference with Armitage, set out in hopes to obtain on the road, where the cruel behaviour of his brother had driven her from the protection she sought, some intelligence of Medora.

He hastened to Skipton, cautiously at every place on the way making such enquiry as he thought might lead to the discovery of the person he sought. Arrived at the town, and at the inn, he asked with a beating heart after the young person who at such a time (of which he had taken care correctly to inform himself) came from a remote part of the county with a family of paupers, and afterwards was conducted to this inn.—It was of the landlady he made this enquiry,

quiry, who seemed extremely unwilling to answer.

"Oh! Madam," said Delmont, who could no longer conceal the deep interest he took in her relative to whom he asked information, "if it were possible for you to understand all the anxiety the absence of this young lady creates, I cannot but believe that I should interest your kindness to assist me in discovering her." "I know nothing of her now, Sir, I assure you," was the answer.

"But, Madam, she disappeared from hence?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And without your knowing whither?"

"I assure you again, Sir, that at present I know nothing at all of her. I wish I did; for she seemed to be a mighty pretty sort of a young body, and I am afraid is too handsome not to have fallen into some bad hands."

"If you had such favourable thoughts of her, Madam, how very unfortunate it

was that she was under the necessity of quitting the protection you were so kindly disposed to give her."

"Yes, indeed; but perhaps you know more of all that than another, for the gentleman who drove her away by his bad behaviour was so like you, that if it is not himself I am talking to, which I should really almost fancy, only that he was a little tuffier than you, and somewhat darker; I say, that if it was not for those differences, I am sure I should think it was the same person".

"It was my brother," said Delmont.

"I am sure then, if I knew where Miss was, I should not be over fond, Sir, of letting you into the secret."

"Surely you would, if you were assured that I have long been engaged to marry her with the approbation of her parents and her own, and that her having been stolen, I know not how or by whom, has made her mother as well as myself most wretched."

There was in the air and manner of
Delmont

Delmont so much candour and openness, that it was impossible, looking at his countenance and hearing him speak, to suspect him of any deceit. Mrs. Tarbat, however, still recollecting that the Major, who so much resembled him, had behaved very unlike what he professed to be his intentions, could not entirely divest herself of doubt; but Delmont continuing to speak to her, she became at length convinced of his sincerity, and declared she would relate all she knew relative to the young lady.

"I cannot exactly recollect," said she, "how long it is ago, since a young gentleman in a postchaise and four, and this pretty looking creature with him, came here late one evening, and as you know we see such parties our way very often, our folks thought, to be sure, they would take four horses to go on; but instead of that, the man that went into the room to carry a glass of negus said, the gentleman seemed in a great deal of trouble, and tried to make the lady alter some resolution she

had taken, yet did not like to let her speak before the waiter, and he saying, 'Pray, my dear madam, let talk of this when we are alone.' 'I Sir,' said the young lady, 'I Sir, I will not be alone with you; I have infamously trepanned me from friends, and I insist upon being carried back to my mother, or rather left here, with you. I will not travel.' Upon which Sir, as my waiter told me, the gentleman was in a most terrible passion, yet somehow afraid, as it were, of shewing to the young lady, seeing her so resolute and he kept saying, 'After your road towards me, my dear Miss, I shall call her by some christian name that my father forgot—after you had favoured me, so as to come hither, this sure is very strange.' 'It is false,' said the young woman, 'false as Heaven is true; you know never did give you any encouragement never, never; you know you brought hither by a base and shameful artifice you know. I detest, despise, abhor you.' —

—Go out of the room, you fellow, said the gentleman to my servant (who could not help stopping, for you know, Sir, it was natural enough to wish to hear the end of such a long conversation.) —Go out of the room, said he. —No, stay, I beg of you, cried the young lady, or if you do go out of the room, let it be only to call other witnesses to what I declare, that I did not voluntarily leave my friends with this man, whom I do not even know; and that I absolutely will not proceed with him. —Upon this, Sir, the waiter comes out and tells me what was passing, and I went in. —The young lady immediately spoke to me, and with great spirit, and told me just the same as she had said before, only said besides, that the young man, who I thought looked very foolish and sheepish, had declared to her that he would carry her back at every stage, instead of that, when he had persuaded her to get into the chaise, the postillions had always had secret orders to drive forward, and that she

would

would be so imposed upon no longer. I own I was quite taken with the figure and beauty of the young gentlewoman and the man I thought, somehow, seemed undeserving of her."

"What sort of a man did he appear to be?" said Delmont impatiently.

"A middling sized man, rather thin made, pale, rather large featured with a strutting sort of a way with himself somehow as if he thought a great deal of himself—I thought him a very ordinary man to be sure."

"Pray proceed, Madam," said Delmont.

"So, Sir, I said that I hoped there was nobody as would think of carrying a young lady to Scotland to be married against her will; that I could not think of suffering any person to go with such a design from *my* house, nor would I. The man had the assurance to say it was only a lover's quarrel, and that the young lady had promised over and over again to be his wife; but she denied

in the most positive way, and seemed so hurt and provoked, that she burst into tears. Well, Sir, after a great deal had been argued, she continuing to insist on returning to her mother, and the gentleman trying to persuade her against it, she would not give up, but declared that she put herself under my protection and my husband's. — I told her I had no husband, having been a widow above five years, but that I thanked God I had spirit enough to hinder any body from such a monstrous proceeding as to marry a young creature whether she would or no. So Miss, said I, if you are in earnest in wishing to quit that gentleman, I'll take care that neither he nor nobody shall molest you."

"A thousand blessings on you, my dear woman," cried Delmont. "But how, after that, did you lose her? Satisfy my impatience, I intreat you."

"The young lady, Sir, after that, would never suffer me to leave her. She desired me to let her have a bed in my room, which I did, happening to have a
good

good bed in a closet within it, where my daughter Nancy sleeps when she is at home for the holidays. Well, Sir, all the next day she staid with me, nor would she see the gentleman, the Captain, as he called himself, upon no account. He was in a great fuis, and wrote several letters; some he sent by the post, and he wrote the young lady one or two, for she would not see him.

“In this way passed another day, Miss wrote a letter also, but I have since had reason to think he contrived to stop it.

“I talked to him a great deal, and told him how sad a thing it was, and what trouble he would get into; and I thought he seemed to repent of what he had done, and to wish himself out of the scrape, which I don't believe he would have undertaken himself, only it was put into his head. He always, however, maintained, that Miss came away with him of her own accord.

“At last, on the evening of the second day, he sent for me and said, that since it was

was so that the young lady had altered her mind, he was come to a resolution not to restrain her will, and so he would take her back, and deliver her up safe to her friends, if so be as she would trust his honour; and he swore abundance of oaths, and said, that by all that was sacred he would not offer her the least rudeness, and bade me ask her if he had attempted the smallest ill behaviour all the time they had been travelling together. So, Sir, he begged so hard, that I went with this message to the poor young lady, who, though she began to recover a little from her fatigue was yet very ill, I thought, and did nothing but fret about her mother, who would be distracted, she said, to think what would become of her. I did not know very well what to advise, but as the man seemed to promise so faithfully, I thought perhaps it might be best upon the whole for her to determine to go back with him. I thought, as he would have our post-horses, we should know

know how he went on the first stage from here to London, and that he seemed to have had enough of it, and would give the attempt up. The young lady was very unwilling to be persuaded, but at last did agree; and he took an oath before me, that he would carry her back, and beg pardon of her friends.

“Accordingly the next day, though when the time came the young lady was not very willing to trust him, they set out in a postchaise and pair, for the gentleman said he was in no such haste to go back as he had been to come, and so that he should not hurry so much. I thought that did not look very well, I must own. However away they went, and my postillion, a boy that drove them, came back at the usual time, and said that they were going on; and I was in hopes the Captain, though I cannot say I ever quite liked the looks of him much, had repented him of this rash attempt.”

“Oh!

"Oh! why," exclaimed Delmont, passionately, why did you suffer her to put herself in his power again?"

"Why, Sir, what could I do? it is difficult interfering in these matters. The gentleman, though to be sure he looked at every shilling he paid as if a drop of blood came from his heart, did pay, however, very handsome; and you know I did not know what might be the young Miss's means. Indeed I knew that as to herself, at the time, she had not much above a guinea in her pocket; for she told me so."

Delmont was so shocked to think that Medora might finally be lost from the operation of these mercenary politics, that he had hardly patience to suffer Mrs. Tarbat to go on. He checked himself, however, and she proceeded——

"Well, Sir, I have not much more to tell you. Some days passed on, it may be eight or nine, and I thought no more of the matter, when all of a sudden one night, as I was sitting in the bar, in comes

comes the same young lady, and falling into quite a passion of tears as it were, entreated me to protect her. I promised to do my best, for I am sure I was very sorry for her—and so after she recovered herself a little she told me, that instead of carrying her back to her friends as he had promised, the false base fellow had had the monstrous audaciousness to take her across the country about sixteen miles, to an house which belonged to his mother, where it seems he had confined her ever since, till she got out of a window, and partly by walking, partly by getting into a cart with some sick people that were sent away by the parish, she got back here, and knowing by the name of the place that it was the same as she had staid at two days, she came away to me.

“The next day we consulted how she might be sent safe to London; and to be sure the stage coach was a great deal the best conveyance. So she gave me her direction where to send for the money,

ney, and I agreed to let her have enough to pay her expences up to London; but that evening an officer, a fine handsome comely man to be sure he was, came on his way from Ireland, as we understood, having been stopping on the road somewhere to visit some friend of *his'n*, and for my part I am free to say I was quite astounded, as it were, and did not know what to think of my young gentlewoman, when the moment she spied him, away she flew, and almost embraced him as she would her father or her brother. To be sure when she saw his face she was, or seemed as if she was, frightened; but I thought it a vastly odd thing that she should behave so, and was afraid I had been deceived in her. The gentleman seemed mightily familiar with her, and assured me she was one of his acquaintance, and in short, when she declared it was no such thing, and began to desire to explain, I looked as if I doubted the truth; and to speak plainly, I did then
9^d. begin

begin to believe that she was some poor young creature quite lost, that one might get into trouble about, and lose one's custom, and could not do much good neither; I hope I am not uncharitable, but what could one think—and then when a man, that seemed to be quite a man of high rank, and that his servants said was related to great lords, and would one day or other be a lord himself, I say, Sir, when such a gentleman seemed to speak of, and treat this young lady like one of slight character, what you know *could* I suppose. However my doing any thing one way or t'other was soon out of the question; for that night the young body disappeared. She left a piece of paper, here it is, with these gold bracelets in it, and this smelling bottle set in gold." Delmont took them trembling, and read these words:

"Madam,

"Having expended the little money I had about me, I have no other means of
securing

securing you the repayment of the expence you may have incurred on my account, than by leaving the only things of any value that I have here. If you will send them to Mrs. Glenmorris, at Dalebury Farm near * * * *, she will thankfully redeem them, and pay you whatever may be farther your due from,

“ Madam, your humble servant,

“ M. GLENMORRIS.”

Delmont was ready to weep over and to worship this proof of independent and courageous spirit; but fearing that, if he appeared too deeply interested, he might not prevail on the landlady to tell him what might betray her own mercenary conduct, he only desired she would proceed to inform him of what else she knew.

“ Why but little more,” said Mrs. Tarbat; “ next to nothing indeed, for I never heard of the young lady afterward, only a few days ago I discovered that she had changed almost all her

her clothes with one of my chamber maids."

"Her clothes!"

"Yes, and to be sure she did it that she might not be known. She gave Sally Watts her fine laced cloak for a common handkerchief shawl, and her hat, and her beautiful sprigged muslin gown for a common cotton gown, an oldish black bonnet, and some articles of clean coarse linen of Sally's. I was very angry with the wench when I knew it, for I should have been glad to have given Miss much better things in change for her's, myself."

Delmont, who found his indignation was not likely to subside while he continued to hear the narrow minded and illiberal views with which all this woman's professions of zeal for Medora ended, was now desirous of closing the conversation. He reimbursed every charge she made, as well for what Medora had had during her stay as the earnest the woman pretended she had paid to the coach, in which she was to have proceeded to London.

London. He kissed the trinkets he redeemed, as precious proofs of that strength of conduct to which he still looked forward as being what was to constitute the future happiness of his life, and then sending for the servant girl, who had exchanged clothes with Medora, he procured from her a description of the gown, and every thing else that might assist him to trace the disguised wanderer, for whom his heart bled even while he suffered not himself to doubt but that he should, from the information he had received, recover her.

Two circumstances still appeared very unaccountable to Delmont; one was, who the man could be that had hazarded a measure at once so infamous and so dangerous; the other, by what arts Medora had been betrayed to take another route instead of going on towards London. As the postillion who drove the chaise was the only person who could on that last point give him any information, he spoke to him, but though he gave him

a crown, and promised him that no harm should befall him if he spoke the truth. The boy persisted in saying, that he had thrown the lady and gentleman down at the White Lion at ———, and knew nothing more about them. Delmont did not think it true, but finding every attempt vain to extort any thing else from the boy, he hastened back to that town where he hoped to recover traces of the fair fugitive.

C H A P. VI.

Passo di pene in pene,
Questa succede a quella;
Ma l'ultima chi viene,
E sempre la peggior.

As Delmont proceeded along the road he had before passed, meditating on the most probable way of obtaining some farther intelligence of Medora, all the inconveniencies, distresses, and terrors that she must have undergone occurred to him. Exposed, in the disguise she had assumed, to the familiarity of the inferior ranks of people, whose grossness must shock her, whose licentious freedoms terrify her, he thought with apprehension of all she might have endured, and with still greater of the uncertainty whether he should discover and protect her; her mother too, in anguish and despair, was perpetually before him, and

his mind turned with disgust from the reflections he was compelled to make on his brother's conduct, so ungenerous, so little like what he felt he should have done if they could have changed places; for it was evident that the last disappearance of Medora was entirely owing to the alarm she had felt from the behaviour of one, towards whom, from his relationship to her betrothed lover, she had probably looked in the hope of protection.

It would not be easy therefore to find a man (whose misfortunes were not *certainly* irremediable) more miserable than Delmont was at this moment. His imagination full of Medora under the appearances of a servant, he rode slowly along, looking earnestly at every group of country people, or every peasant girl he saw, and occasionally consulting Clement, his old and faithful servant, from whom he concealed nothing.

Clement was of opinion that Miss Glenmorris would certainly endeavour to
return

return to London, and most likely would procure a conveyance in some waggon or return chaise. The idea of Medora exposed to hear the conversation, and being liable to be treated as a person of their own rank, by waggoners and hackney chaise drivers, again conjured up all Delmont's fears; he allowed, however, that it was extremely probable she had been reduced to some such expedient, and began himself, while he commissioned Clement to do the same, to enter into conversation with such men of those descriptions as they met on the road.

Clement for this purpose sometimes preceded and sometimes followed his master. On the second day of their journey, Delmont having gone on without him, waited for him at a little cottage on a heath, where a sign was hung out. It was now the last week of August, the weather was intensely hot, and Delmont, afraid of proceeding, since every step he took might lead him farther from the object of his

G 3 solicitude,

solicitude, remained for some hours stationary, in that sort of hopeless languor which is the usual consequence of a man's not knowing whether the means he is pursuing are not rather inimical than advantageous to his views.

As he sauntered in this way in a sort of garden reclaimed from the heath, and divided from it by a slight fence of earth and thorns, he perceived Clement at a considerable distance, galloping through the deep sandy road with a degree of speed that made it certain he had something important to tell. Delmont sprang over the fence, and they met. Clement, half breathless between eagerness and haste, replied to his master's earnest question—"Oh! Sir, I do think I've got news of Miss Glenmorris!"

"You have not found her then?—you have not seen her?"

"No, Sir—Oh no! not so lucky as that neither; but, Sir, we're on the wrong road; there are four different roads, and I'll venture my life we are not right."

Clement

Clement then, dismounting, began, amidst much puffing and gasping, to relate the reason he had for hoping he had discovered some traces of Medora.

"I overtook," said he, "a waggon that goes twice a week from Skipton to a town, I forget the name on't, eleven miles t'other side Harrowgate. It comes as far this way as a place you might have noted, Sir, as you came along, where three roads meet, and then turns off to the left; so seeing the waggoner riding along after his carriage, I began to talk with him, and from one thing and another led the discourse to the matter of my wishing to know if he had had among any passengers that he might have carried across the country, ever a pretty looking young woman, quite young, that was dressed so and so, as you had told me, Sir; for, says I, I have a niece, as I am afeard, has fallen into bad hands; for her friends have not heard of her since she came this way for to go to a service. The man, who had children grown of his

own, as he told me, began to consider with himself, and after a little, says he, 'I do think, mon, now I cooms to remember, that I *did* give such a young body a lift in my waggon.' Then, Sir, he asked me how long agoe it was, and when I told him, 'Gollys,' says he, 'I do believe 'twas the very same, and,' says he, 'I'll tell you how it was,' says he."

"Prythee, my good fellow," cried Delmont, "make thy story as short as thou canst; I am upon the rack."

"I will Sir—I'll not make more words than I can help—so Sir, says the waggoner, whose name is Thomas Smithson."

"Never mind his name."

"Well Sir, so said Thomas Smithson to me, "It was much about the toime, friend, (for he is a north-countryman, and talks broad Yorkshire, with a burr like in his throat) it was much about that toime you speaak on."

"Don't make thy narrative more tedious

ous by imitating his dialect ; what signifies *how* he spoke, tell me only what he spoke."

"I am going on, Sir; 'about the time,' said he, 'as you name, that a little beyond, it may be a mile or so beyond this place where we are now, but out of the high road, that there is a sharp hill called Cobthorn Top, and plaguey sandy for the poor beasts. So a woman body as I had in my waggon, who was a going to live at one of Sir Harry Richmond's farms; (I knew her, she came from Boroughbridge, a middle aged woman, who was hired for the dairy by Mrs. Crowling, Sir Harry's steward's wife, who manages all them there things') I put down the names Sir, upon this here paper," added Clement, "for fear I should forget them."

"You did well," answered Delmont; "but if you explain yourself no faster you will drive me mad."

"Well Sir, so says the waggoner. 'This dairy woman was feign to get out to

walk up this pull, and I drove on, when presently on the side of the road, and out in a sort of green patch among the bushes, I sees a young girl sitting on a piece of stump of an old tree, and leaning her head against a pollard that was there, and she looked so pale and faint, and seemed such a pretty young thing, that I could not help asking her what she sat there for? and if she was by herself? She seemed ready to cry, and told me she was a stranger in this country, and was walking towards London, when she became so tired that she could go no farther. And to be sure well she might be tired. So I asked her if she would get up into my waggon a bit; but she seemed *timmerfome* and to be afeard, though I spoke to her as 'twere to one of my own children. At last the other woman overtook us, and then seeing a good decent looking sort of a person to keep her company, and finding there was no body but she and I and the boy, she was persuaded, and went with us as far as

Bardley

Bardley Cross, which is just as you turns to go to the lodge at Sir Harry's ; and there they both got out ; the other woman body having persuaded the young gentlewoman, for to my thinking she looked more like a lady than a poor man's child, to go along with her." This Sir," continued Clement, " was the most part of what Thomas Smithson said, but I'm almost as sure as if I had seen her myself, that it is Miss Glenmorris, and nobody else that this man has seen ; and as I knew you would like to speak to him yourself, I made haste after you, because though he is five or six miles on before, upon the cross road, I am partly certain we shall overtake him if we make haste, and he can shew us the very spot where he set Miss down."

Delmont, aware of the advantage thus gained in a point which was so near his heart, lost not a moment to hasten, according to the direction shewn him ; and with less consideration for his horse than it was his custom to shew, overtook the

man about two miles from the place, where, from all the circumstances Delmont could gather, it seemed certain that Medora had indeed been left in company with a woman with whom she had become acquainted on the way.

Informing himself then of every particular which could assist him ; Delmont dismissed his guide with an handsome present, and leaving his servant and tired horses at the nearest public house on the road, he determined to reconnoitre on foot the house of Sir Harry Richmond, which he was shewn at a distance, among old woods, and extensive plantations creeping above them, half way up hills which were naturally rude and barren, and appeared grotesque and wild, and once to have been covered, as the colour of their summits still denoted, with heath. The place called Bardsley Cross was where the road turned that led to the avenues and ridings cut through the woods with which this fine old seat was every way surrounded. A lodge, where lived the widow
of

of an huntsman and her children, gave entrance to this forest-like domain, and Delmont, giving the woman half a crown (which she received with thankfulness that denoted a necessity not very creditable to the humanity of the master she served) he accepted her invitation to rest himself a moment in "the poor place," as she termed it, where she lived.

There were great remains of beauty in the features of this woman, who, though yet young, appeared to be the victim of sorrow and of poverty. In her face, though marked by the hard lines that adversity engraves, there was a softness of dejection extremely interesting, and far removed from that harsh feeling of the injuries and injustice of the world, that too often gives even to the female countenance, in inferior and laborious life, an expression which excites a sentiment compounded of disgust and compassion. Mrs. Billson seemed quite resigned to a destiny that Delmont wondered should be so wretched, since she was, he supposed,
still

still considered as a servant to Sir Harry Richmond, a man who with one of the largest fortunes in the county had only a son and a daughter, both grown up, and both possessing, in right of their mother and maternal grandmother, independent and even affluent fortunes.

Delmont now engaged Mrs. Billson in conversation, hoping he might gather something from her that related to the object of his solicitude, and among other things he said, "I would not be inquisitive, but it seems to me that your master is, for so affluent a man, not so kind as he might be to his servants; perhaps he may be unacquainted with your distress?"

"Ah! no, Sir," replied Mrs. Billson, "his honour, Sir Harry, knows it well enough," (and sighed deeply) "he cannot well help knowing it, indeed; but great gentlefolks don't consider always what poor folks suffers; Sir Harry, you know, Sir, has always been a rich and prosperous gentleman,

gentleman, and besides (she hesitated) there be ways that such as we know nothing of, that great gentlemen *must* lay out their money in."

"He keeps a great deal of company, I suppose?"

"No, Sir, very little indeed now. The gentlemen and ladies of the country round seldom comes unless Miss Richmond is here."

"Sir Harry then is not fond of company?"

"Not of set dinners, Sir—and there ben't much offal victuals now to give away, as I have heard say there was in my lady's time."

"Sir Harry is a great sportsman, perhaps. Pray has he a large family of servants?"

"About twenty, Sir, besides those in the gardens and stables."

"And who directs the œconomy of his house?"

The poor woman annexed but one
idea

idea to the word œconomy, and seemed tempted to smile.

"There's not much œconomy," said she, "in the case. I believe, indeed, that . . . but, however, to be sure it's no business of mine. Poor folks must have nothing to say about such gentlemen as his honour, Sir Harry."

"What I meant to ask was," added Delmont, "whether there is not some housekeeper, or the wife of his steward, I think I heard, who hires the servants, and directs the domestic concerns of the house?"

"Oh! yes, Sir, to be *sure* there is."—This, said with a peculiar expression, made Delmont believe there was some mystery.

"The steward's wife, I think?"

"Yes, Sir—Steward he is *now*—he *was* only an attorney's clerk but t'other day; unluckily for all Sir Harry's servants, his good old steward died lately, and so this man is in his place."

"And his wife?"

"His wife . . . is Sir Harry's *friend*,
Sir.

Sir—and directs his family . . . Sir Harry, you know, Sir, has been—nay, I suppose may be so still, a very wild gay gentleman.”

Delmont now thought he comprehended what Mrs. Billson would say. About the character and arrangements of Sir Harry Richmond he had not the slightest curiosity, but he believed it highly probable that as the woman Medora had met with in her way, and whom she seemed to consider as a sort of protection, was hired in this family, Medora, being without money, and above two hundred miles distant from London, might have sought an asylum under the same roof till she could find the means of returning to her mother, which, destitute as she appeared to be, was almost impossible without assistance.

“ Do you know if Mrs. Crowling has hired any new servant, lately ?” enquired Delmont.

“ She is seldom long without three or four new ones, as I hear, and they are always beauties, forsooth ! Sir Harry,”
added

added Mrs. Billson, with a significant half smile, "is so fond of pretty people, that he don't like to have even his cows milked, or his work at the dairy farm done, but by the best looking girls that Mrs. Crowling can find out for him."

"Indeed!" cried Delmont, as much alarmed as if he had been sure Medora was already in the power of this profligate man.

"Yes, it is very true, I assure you, Sir; but I hope you'll not speak of it as coming from me, for I must not disoblige Sir Harry, though, God knows, if every body as have suffered dared to *speak*; but then, indeed, what would be the good of speaking; he is a rich and powerful gentleman, and can do just as he likes, and for such people as *we* to complain is just nonsense.

"How far off is the dairy farm," said Delmont.

"You'll hardly get there and back to-night, Sir," said Mrs. Billson; "for it's a pretty long way, and besides 'twill be dark long enough before you get through
the

the Netherwood, so that you would see nothing at all of the *curiosities* of the place."

"Curiosities! and pray what are they?"

"Dear, Sir, all sorts of fine improvements that Sir Harry has made. There is places all lined with marble and china, that his honour calls chalets *, or chal-lots, or some such name, and he've carried a stream of water through them from the lower cascade; and there's rooms fitted up very grand indeed, with sattin and silk and *chinch's* for *curtins* and settees, and such like, and sweet smelling flowers in pots, and oranges and *gereenums*—fine large looking-glasses, shells, china, and a heap of beautiful things that there's no telling; and there is beside an ice-house to make vittels into ice, and a cold bath, and an hot bath, with water that is let into a place with a copper to heat it. The cold bath is the most beautifullest thing; all lined with moss and shells, and

* Chalet, a dairy house—so called in Switzerland and in the mountains.

clear streams of water, that comes as 'twere out of a rock where there's a white image of a lady, that they say is a roman catholic goddess, brought from the pope of Rome." At any other time Delmont would hardly have forborne a smile at this description of luxuries collected by a determined voluptuary.

Of Sir Harry Richmond, Delmont now remembered to have heard. He had been brought up in the sea-service, being the youngest of four brothers, but in consequence of the death of the three others, he had quitted the navy, retaining nothing of the best part of a seaman's character, and only having learned to refine on that grossness with which he had practised the worst. He was a tyrant both from nature and habit ; and hardly took the pains to attempt concealing that determined preference of himself, which made him as careless of the feelings, as indifferent to the opinion, of others. Having married young, he was yet only entering on middle age ; and though he began to feel the effects of his intemperate

perate life, his person was still handsome; and when he had any point to carry, his manners very pleasing. That Medora might be even an unwilling resident in the house of such a man, was a suspicion so very uneasy to him, that he could no longer bear to be unsatisfied; he, therefore, giving half a guinea in addition to his former present to the poor woman, asked her whether, if he should return late, she would let him sit up by her fire all night, unless she could accommodate him with a bed, for he was determined to visit the dairy farm that evening.

Mrs. Billson wondered, but forbore to comment. She told him that he should be welcome either to stay by her fire, or to sleep, if he chose it, on some clean fern and straw in a little room at the back of her small habitation, which she told him was dry, and over which she would spread a blanket and clean sheets, and it was in fact a better bed than she had for herself and her children. This arrangement being made in case he re-
turned,

turned, Delmont departed, taking the way she directed him through an avenue of the woods, which would carry him, she said, near two miles before he would come to the broad avenue that led, at a quarter of a mile farther on, to the great house, which he must leave on the left, and make through the fir plantations towards the lake, on the banks of which, where it was fed by waterfalls from the heights beyond, were the chalets, concealed by thick woods from the dairy farm which stood in the center of the meadows. Delmont thought himself well enough instructed in the way not to miss it, and having made a note of the name of the woman with whom Medora had travelled, he hastened with impatience to gain some intelligence that might relieve the fears for her safety, now again tormenting him to a degree altogether insupportable.

Before he had passed through the first wood, which was composed of fine timber and underwood of considerable growth, it was nearly dark; but arriving where
the

the copse was cut away on high ground, he beheld the moon, now at full, rising red, yet clear, glowing, and seen to infinite advantage through the dark boughs which furrounded him. The idea that occurred to him was one that is common with those who love—"Beautiful planet! are the eyes of Medora fixed on thee at this moment? Does she now in peace and safety, though in humble life, gaze on thy orb, and recollect that blessed, that short period of our lives, when we together watched thy appearance over the eastern hill, and delighted in thy beams as they danced on the collected waters of Upwood brooks, or as they chequered the path where lay our evening walk among the beech trees. Oh, fleeting period of felicity! how little did I know how to value it, for I was not then content; and yet now, perhaps, I shall never be restored to such enjoyment again!"

Indulging such reveries, Delmont came to the second barrier of the woods, where two pillars, surmounted by the crest of

the family (an eagle in white marble) marked the gate which enclosed what was called the inner park; but still covered with a magnificent growth of ancient wood, it seemed rather a continuation of a forest; the trees, however, became more regular, and at length stretched in linear grandeur into a long and over-arched avenue of Spanish chestnut, of which there were four rows, rich in the most luxurious foliage; on each side of them several rows of old beech, feathered down to the ground, so as to form on the largest scale a complete berceau, hardly pervious any where but in the center (through which lay the coach-road) to the rays of the moon.

Delmont kept his way on the side, where was a path made by foot passengers towards the house; he moved slowly, and hardly discerning his own way could not be perceived by any one who should pass along the other vistas. The dews fell heavily, as is usual after an hot day, but hardly did the slightest noise break the stillness of the air, save at intervals the call of the
partridge

partridge, or the shrill cry of the mole cricket *. When these night sounds of departing summer ceased, all was so perfectly in repose, that nature seemed for a while to have forgotten her progress, and to slumber in voluptuous tranquillity.

Delmont, looking down the middle avenue to see if he could yet discern the front of the house, perceived, as the moonbeams through the trees chequered the raised causeway, two figures in white, walking slowly, and, as it seemed, arm in arm in the road. Afraid of alarming them, as he concluded they were ladies belonging to the house, he stepped yet more cautiously on, and as he had as little desire to disturb them as to be observed himself, he stopped, concealed by one of the large trees, till they passed.

But great was his agitation when he

* The Gryllus, *gryllo talpa*, mole cricket, haunts moist meadows, and frequents the sides of ponds, and backs of streams, performing all its functions in a swampy wet soil. With a pair of fore feet curiously adapted to the purpose, it burrows and works under ground like the mole.

White's Selbourne.

thought that the voice of one of them was that of Medora, he paused—he gazed earnestly, and listened in breathless anxiety.—The figure indistinctly seen, seemed to be her's; the voice, though he only now and then caught its sound, strongly resembled that always so delightful to his ears; yet he might be mistaken; he might intrude upon and terrify some young person to whom he was a stranger. Again he listened—the two persons approached, and were within a few yards of the place where he stood.—He distinguished great part of what one of them said—the voice so like that of Medora answered.—The words he heard from the first were; “To seem to arraign the conduct of a parent distressing to me.—Already he seems to wish would I knew how to act. . . .”

The second answered in short, and, as it seemed, consolatory sentences; but though the words fell indistinctly on the ear of Delmont, he listened with more and more eagerness and solicitude, convinced it could be no other than the voice of Medora.

Yet

Yet a slight gust of air, momentarily swaying away the boughs which impeded the moon-light, it suddenly fell on the figure towards which Delmont had actually determined to advance; he saw the face and form of the young person more distinctly.—Was it the face and form of Medora he beheld?—The resemblance must be strong, when seeing it as clearly as he now did, he yet hesitated a moment; but no!—it was not Medora.—Medora was rather taller, and certainly the face had not her features; yet there was something in the air of the whole person, and a likeness of tone in the sweet and plaintive voice, that had together so strongly impressed on his mind the hope of his having found what he sought, that the conviction of his being mistaken threw him off his guard, and by a sudden motion he was perceived by the two ladies, who observing so near them a person they might well suspect of some sinister purpose, since he evidently sought to conceal himself, they both betrayed signs of fear, and hastily retreated towards the house.

H 2

Delmont,

Delmont, conscious that he had already acted improperly, and at once anxious to apologize and to relieve them from their apprehensions, gave himself very little time to reflect before he hurried after them, and soon overtaking them, though fear quickened their pace, he besought their pardon in a voice and manner that soon quieted their alarms, while it excited their curiosity.

These two young women were Miss Richmond, the only daughter of Sir Harry, and Miss Cardonnel; who had obtained permission of Lady Mary (as she was herself in unusual health, and had Mrs. Grinsted with her), to pass three weeks with her favourite friend, at the magnificent seat of Sir Harry, where, not entirely to set at defiance the opinion and the censures of the world, he had his daughter as his inmate during two or three summer months.

As soon as the apprehensions of these two lovely women had subsided, by the conviction that it was a gentleman who
spoke

spoke to them, Delmont, with the frankness natural to him, told them his name, and added—"I came into this country, and even into this neighbourhood, in search of a person whose disappearance has caused the greatest misery.—I dread lest my enquiries may be as fruitless here as they have already been in other places, but I will take care at least that my nocturnal rambles shall not again be the cause of any alarm to you Miss Richmond, while I hardly know how to ask, whether, in consideration of our families being well acquainted, you will give me leave to pay my respects to you at a less improper hour, than that in which I so inadvertently broke in on your evening retirement."

Miss Richmond, who was extremely well bred, answered, that she was sure, were her father at home, he would be extremely glad to see any one of the name of Delmont; and that even in his absence, though she had not the same powers of entertaining his visitors, she believed she might

say that none who bore that name could fail of a welcome."

Delmont, enquiring how long Sir Harry would be absent, and hearing it was uncertain, desired permission to wait on Miss Richmond the next morning, and on its being granted, he conducted them to the house whither they were returning, not, as they assured him, in consequence of the alarm he had given them, but of the dews falling so profusely as to have wetted their thin summer clothes, nearly as much as would have happened had they been exposed to rain. At the hall-door he took leave, his mind hardly diverted a moment, by this accidental rencontre, from the object which occupied all his thoughts, and continued the way he had been directed towards the Chalets.

To his new acquaintance, however, this accidental meeting was not a matter of such indifference. There was something romantic in it that had the air of an adventure, and Miss Cardonnel, possessed of a naturally excellent, as well as
highly

highly cultivated understanding, was not without a considerable share of that sort of imagination, which produces what is termed a romantic turn of mind.

As her grandmother, Lady Mary, never thought any one who had yet offered, (though among the offers she had had were men of the first consequence and fortune) equal to the merits and pretensions of her dear Mary, they had all been declined almost as soon as heard ; and the heart of Miss Cardonnel, now in her twentieth year, was absolutely free from any impression.

Never, perhaps, did a man possess more requisites than had Delmont to win the affections of a young woman. His person was uncommonly handsome, his manner easy without familiarity, and polite without formality, was remarkably attractive, and his sentiments, every one of which carried with them the conviction, that they were the result of a reflecting mind on a good and generous nature, were so much in unison with the feelings

of Miss Cardonnel, that though she had passed hardly three quarters of an hour in his company, she felt an extraordinary interest in his favour. "This Mr. Delmont," said she to Miss Richmond, as soon as he had left them, "is a very agreeable man—surely he is wonderfully interesting." "Indeed I think him so," answered her friend, "I cannot imagine of whom it is he is in search?"

"And where is he searching for this lost friend?" rejoined Miss Cardonnel, "or wherefore should he suppose this friend among your woods, my dear Annabelle?"

"I cannot even guess.—And from whence can he come or whither be going? It is inexplicable when one comes to reflect on it."

"It is indeed—I wish we had asked him—however, you will have an opportunity of enquiring to-morrow, you know," said Miss Cardonnel.—

"Oh! perhaps not—it is not certain you know that he will come."—

"Not

“Not certain!—why should he not?”

“Nay, say rather why *should* he?—He is already certain we cannot give him the information he wants.—And when a man of his sort has any scheme that occupies his imagination, he does not care much for any thing else.”—

“What do you mean, my dear Annabelle, by a man of *his* sort?”

“A young man, gay and *etourdi*, and in the pursuit, as I suppose him to be, of some woman.”

Miss Cardonnel felt at this speech a sensation to which she had been hitherto a stranger.—“A woman,” cried she, with quickness, “why should you think so—Surely, my friend, such a supposition is inconsistent with your natural charity and candour.—Why should you suppose Mr. Delmont is pursuing some intrigue?”

“My dear Mary, how can you ask *why* I should suppose it?—It is true I have lived in the world but some eighteen or twenty months longer than you have, but I must have made but very little use

of my eyes, if I did not see that some such project, some scheme of self-gratification, occupies every individual; and that nobody cares for those who cannot in some way or other contribute to their pleasure or their profit."

"Nobody?—Ah! my friend, do you then make *no* exceptions." "Oh! certainly—it were illiberal not to make *some*," said Miss Richmond, sighing, "and you know I have at least one exception; but when my dear Mary has lived to observe the men of the world, such as *I* have been used to see, she will know how rare those exceptions are, and how rarely they can safely be made in favour of a stranger, a young man such as we have just seen.—Mr. Delmont will call to-morrow, perhaps, if he thinks he can procure any intelligence of this *friend* of his from us, but I dare say he will otherwise forget that he has seen us at all."

Miss Cardonnell, who felt pain without knowing why, was not sorry to let the conversation drop, and the fair friends
soon

soon after parted. Miss Cardonnel, in spite of herself, continuing to recall the looks, the manner, the sentiments of Delmont; while Miss Richmond was compelled to entertain very unpleasant speculations, as to the actual situation of the person he had come into that neighbourhood to seek.

C H A P. VII.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

WHILE all that was pleasant and interesting in the voice and manner of Miss Cardonnel, affected Delmont from the general resemblance she bore to Miss Glenmorris, he could not but compare their destinies; and his heart bled afresh to reflect on what might at this moment be the situation of the wandering, unprotected, Medora.—If mere scenery had possessed the power to suspend, for a moment, the anguish of the heart, he might have found a transient relief in the uncommon beauty of the place he visited. A lake, reflecting the moon-beams on its broad and clear surface, was fed at its extremity by three waterfalls dashing, in different directions, down rocks which were shadowed by trees, in some places hiding, in others

hers receding from the silver torrents—
and the edge of the lake the shade be-
came darker, and the wood seemed to
mingle with the reeds that crowded into
the water. A narrow path, however, fer-
retted on the bank, and Delmont pur-
suing it as he had been directed, it led
on along the margin of a sequestered
inch of the lake, which was indeed the
river that carried its still accumulating
water to other parts of the estate. Here
the channel was deep, but not wide: the
weeping willows, planted on either bank,
engaging their flexile boughs together in
beaming arches over it. He came to
an almost circular recess of turf; it was
shaded by immense oaks and ash, whose
fantastic arms started out as if to em-
brace the two rustic buildings that now
peered. They were white without,
clad with reeds, and partly mantled
with odorous shrubs that crept round
the windows shaded by green lattices. A
beam was heard to murmur through
them; which then fell down a small dark
declivity

declivity (along which the path still led), and supplied a rustic bath; where, though simplicity was its character without, there was within such contrivances as a luxurious Roman would have chosen for his accommodation. But of these Delmont was content with the description Mrs. Billson had given him; and pursuing his way still through a narrow and somewhat declining path, winding through the woods, he found himself in a quarter of an hour at their extremity on this side, where a long tract of meadows was spread between high lands on each side, richly clad with trees. The streams from the lake, which here fertilized the grazing land, glittered in various currents. Its principal branch directed his eyes to a group of buildings, which Delmont imagined to be the farm-house, where he might, with great probability of finding her, seek for Medora.

By the time he reached the house, for the way was longer than it appeared, the moon, hitherto friendly to him, was so low

low that it lent him but little light around the dwelling, and the extensive farm-yard adjoining to it—all was hushed, save at intervals the noises of domestic poultry, which seemed to answer the cry of the wild-ducks and other water-fowl from the river and lake, whose keen sense of smell informed them that a stranger had intruded among their reedy recesses and willowed haunts.

Delmont, prepossessed with the idea that he should see Medora, was so agitated that he stopped at the gate, leading into a sort of court before the house, to recover breath and recollection. He surveyed the windows. There was a light in one of the rooms.—“She is there,” whispered the heart of Delmont;—as if it could be inhabited by no other than Medora. Approaching, and earnestly fixing his eyes on the sashes, he fancied he saw the shadow on the opposite wall of some one who sat not far from the window. The figure rose, took up the candle, and moved along the room till the

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light

light disappeared. Delmont was convinced it was a woman, and became more and more persuaded it was her whom he sought.

After a short interval light was again visible in a room on the ground-floor; and Delmont passing as softly as he could, through the gate towards the window, approached so near that he could distinguish a young person whose figure, as she sat stooping over a table, resembled that of Medora, but her back was towards him, and she seemed occupied in some kind of work which lay before her. Her whole appearance was very unlike that of an inmate of a farm-house; and if it was not, as on a steadier examination he believed, her whom he so anxiously sought, the presence of such a person in such a place confirmed his idea of the arrangements of Sir Harry Richmond. The young woman rose and crossed the room—opened a piano forte, which stood on the opposite end, and touched it with a grace and precision which, as well as a side-

side-view of her face that he now obtained, convinced Delmont it was not Medora. But was it not possible he might obtain some information of her? Yet how hazard alarming a young person by the abrupt appearance of a stranger, at such an hour, in such a place?

After a short prelude she sang—Delmont listened to a plaintive Italian air: the words were from Metastasio, and the manner of executing them shewed that they were felt by the songstress;—while there could be no doubt from her manner of singing, as well as from the deep sigh with which she concluded, that she was too sensible of her own situation to be accessary to the enforced confinement of another under the same circumstances. After what he had heard from Mrs. Billson, there was little doubt but that this young woman was one of the residents in Sir Harry's house whom she had described. Delmont, however unwilling to alarm her, could not resist his desire of speaking to her.

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He opened the sash slowly ; the young person, who was arranging her music books, started, and turned towards the window, and perceiving Delmont, was hastening in terror out of the room, when he said, " One moment, I beseech you, Madam, I would not terrify I would not intrude upon you, but give me leave merely to ask you a question."

His manner was certainly not that of a robber. And though she could not prevail upon herself to leave the door, the unknown songstress, not perhaps altogether unused to attract by her music, stopped near it, and desired him to explain himself.

" Will you, Madam," said he, " condescend to tell me whether a young person who came hither dressed as a servant a young woman of family and respectability, whom a strange and alarming circumstance compelled to have recourse to that disguise will you tell me if she is still here ?"

" No," replied the lady, " she is not. I will not deceive you. Such a person undoubtedly

undoubtedly was here ; not, however, brought here by Sir Harry Richmond, who is, as I suppose you know, the master of this house, but by mere accident. It is not, however, a place where such a young person could remain. Means were found to acquaint Miss Richmond of her situation, and she was removed to London, but there is reason to believe Sir Harry has followed her thither. If you are her brother, Sir, or one greatly interested for her safety, I advise you to hasten after her, or it will be too late. I dare not stay, but believe that I heartily wish you success."

" Oh yet a single moment," cried Delmont. His informant was already gone. And a woman of a very different appearance, fat, red faced, and over-dressed, entered the room. Delmont retired from the window ; she came forward and shut it. In a few moments all the shutters were closed, as if those within had taken some alarm. Delmont gazed on them a while, as if in hopes that he might again see

see her who seemed so humanely to take an interest in his distress; but no one appearing, he slowly and reluctantly trod back his steps to the lodge—repeating to himself, “Miss Richmond found means to release her, but there is great reason to think Sir Harry has followed her to London. I will go, said he, to Miss Richmond; yet how relate what I have heard? how question her on such a subject, when it is of her father’s infamy I must complain?” It then occurred to him, that the indistinct conversation he had heard in the avenue between her and Miss Cardonnel, related to this very circumstance, and a new field of enquiry was thus opened. “Did Miss Cardonnel know it was her cousin? Had Medora, in the concealment she had been obliged to have recourse to, changed her name?” These, and many other cruel solitudes, prevented Delmont from sleep, when he laid down on the humble bed which his hostess at the lodge had provided for him. With the dawn of the following

following day he was on foot ; and in a short conference with the unhappy woman, to whom he gave a sum greater than she had long been mistress of, in return for the little hospitality she had been able to shew him, he learned, that she was a servant in Sir Harry Richmond's house, to whom unhappily he took a fancy. A conquest over a poor country girl of seventeen was not difficult ; she was soon obliged to quit the house, and he had two children by her, one of which was the elder of those whose apparent poverty had excited the compassion of Delmont. The other was dead.

Sir Harry then insisted on the poor girl's marrying one of his huntsmen, who being a man of a fierce and brutal disposition, continually reproached, and not unfrequently beat her during the five miserable years she lived with him. He then luckily broke his neck, and his widow and his children, as well as that which was known to be his master's, had since lingered on in poverty at the lodge ;

where the poor woman acknowledged she must often have wanted the common necessities, which even such an existence demanded, but for Miss Richmond, who was, she said, quite an angel. "Yet," said Mrs. Billson, "for all Sir Harry indulges himself so in every thing though ever so wrong, he crosses poor Miss Richmond in her love, though for one of the worthiest, honestest, and most generous gentlemen in this country, and he will give no reason for it, except that he does not chuse it because of an old grudge about game between their families, but every body hopes that when Miss is of age, she will have spirit enough to marry Mr. Archdale; though she is so soft tempered, and so afraid of disobliging her father, that people are afraid she won't have courage."

"These are indeed," thought Delmont, as he walked towards the great house—"these are indeed among the wrongs of woman."

It was yet early when he arrived at the splendid

plendid old mansion of the ancient family of the Richmonds. Miss Richmond, however, was breakfasting in a summer parlour that opened to the park, with her fair friend, whom Delmont no sooner saw than he was again struck with the resemblance she bore to Medora.

He apologized for so early a visit, as well as for his appearance, accepting however their invitation to breakfast, and endeavouring to force his mind for a moment to converse on common topics; but it was easy to see that the effort was painful to him, and he relapsed into that evidently anxious state which he could not disguise. He felt it equally awkward to desire a private conference with Miss Richmond, or to speak before her friend on such a subject. After their breakfast was ended, however, Miss Cardonnel, as if she guessed that he wished to be alone with the Lady of the house, left the room on some slight pretence; and Delmont, though his faltering voice, and the blood mantling in his cheeks, gave testimony
how

how painful was the subject, entered upon it at once.

“ I will not apologize,” said he, “ for the liberty I am about to take in asking Miss Richmond some questions, which in any other case would be extremely impertinent. But the happiness of my life is at stake—the peace, the preservation of a young person, lovely and innocent as yourself, or your charming friend, to whom indeed she is nearly related. Need I then make any other claims to the indulgence, the pity of Miss Richmond? My heart, and her own amiable and generous character, assure me I need not.”

Miss Richmond, though prepared by what had passed the preceding evening for some enquiry from Delmont, was surprised at that part of his speech which related to Miss Cardonnel. She answered, however, “ It is enough, Sir, to know I can give you any information relative to a person for whom you are interested ; and if a relation of my dear Mary is concerned, it will

will add to my satisfaction if I can render her any service."

"Give me leave then to ask," said Delmont, "if a young person appearing in the character of a servant, who was driven by some extraordinary circumstances to an house of Sir Harry Richmond's, was not supposed by you, madam, to be so circumstanced as to make her removal necessary, and if you did not generously contrive that removal?"

"I did," replied Miss Richmond, deeply blushing, and appearing for a moment as if unable to proceed. She then, in a faint voice, and with downcast eyes, went on. "To Mr. Delmont I may say that the errors of a parent ought to be sacred with his child, but when those errors go to the injury of the innocent and unhappy, a duty superior even to that due to a father demands our interference. I will briefly relate what has passed, and willingly dismiss a subject so painful to me, indeed, that nothing but

my wish to relieve your solicitude, and what I owe to truth, could induce me to speak upon it. To wave every account of preceding transactions which gave rise to any enquiry from me, I learned that a young person, whose appearance and manners rendered it certain that she could not belong to the class which her dress indicated, was brought, my informer knew not by what contrivance, to the house, which, though it is inhabited by the steward, and a wretch he calls his wife, is a place where it is by no means fit a young woman of any character should reside. My pity has always been excited towards those who, from whatever inducements, are its inmates, but for them nothing is in my power. I had soon the mortification of learning, that Sir Harry was pursuing, in regard to this very young girl, the same line of conduct as has already given me so much pain on other occasions. I contrived, though at the risk of incurring his heaviest displeasure, to see her. With-

out

out telling me her name, she related her history, and the reasons which had driven her to seek a temporary asylum with a woman who was hired as a dairy servant for one of Sir Harry's farms. Falsehood never looked or spoke as she did. I was immediately convinced that her narrative, though singular, was true, and I took measures to deliver from the imminent peril she was in, a young creature for whose fate I felt the liveliest interest. I succeeded, three days since, so far as to send her safely to London, recommended (as she doubted whether her mother was still there to receive her) to the wife of a very respectable tradesman, whom I engaged to secrete her from the enquiry I was much afraid Sir Harry Richmond would make after her. He was then absent, but returned the evening after her departure, and I have too much reason to believe he suspected that I had been a party in her evasion. I am very sorry to say, that Sir Harry Richmond

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immediately

immediately set out, as I fear, in pursuit of her, for unfortunately he usually perseveres in any project of this sort, which once seizes his imagination ; and I now wait, with extreme solicitude, to hear from the person in London, to whose care I recommended her, whether she was conducted safely to the place of her destination."

Miss Richmond then interrupting the just eulogium that Delmont warmly began on her virtuous and generous conduct towards an unprotected stranger, gave him the address to the person to whose care Medora had been consigned. He was ready to fall at her feet, and could with difficulty restrain himself from imprinting on the fair hand that presented to him this paper, a kiss of gratitude and respect, but the emotions which he could not wholly suppress were painful to Miss Richmond ; Delmont perceived they were, and in the narrative it was his turn to give, he endeavoured to confine himself

himself to the simplest detail : when it was concluded, not without having made a very sensible impression on his auditor, Miss Richmond asked if she had his permission to inform Miss Cardonnel how greatly her near and almost only relation was implicated in the history of the till then nameless young woman, who had excited their mutual compassion.

Delmont, hastily running over in his mind the circumstances of the family, had no difficulty in deciding that it was better to let this remain a secret. He saw not that any disadvantage could arise from suffering their near relationship remain unknown; and it seemed as if Medora desired her name to be as little called in question as possible. Delmont indeed recollected how much she and her mother had already suffered from the misrepresentations of malice; and though the two amiable women he had now met were undoubtedly of a very different description from Mrs. Crewkherne

and her satellites, he thought it would be more agreeable to Glenmorris and her mother, and felt it to be so to the delicacy of his own affection, not to suffer her name to be more known than it already was, while she was under circumstances which were doubtful, and might be represented as discreditable.

Miss Richmond assured Delmont that she would observe the most inviolable secrecy. "I should make," said she, "a point of conscience of not deceiving my friend in any thing she had an interest in knowing; but as this particular circumstance can only give her pain, and cannot in any way be useful, I have no hesitation in assuring you, that from me it shall never be communicated."

Miss Richmond seemed then very solicitous to close the conversation, and rang the bell for her cloak and parasol, directing at the same time that Miss Cardonnel might be desired to join them. "I know," said she, "to Delmont, you are justly impatient to begin your journey;

ney ; but recollect, you will lose no time in eating a sandwich here, since you must take refreshment some where on the road ; and as you say your servant and horses are waiting for you at the Richmond Arms, which is above two miles from this place ; you shall regain the time you would otherwise lose by having an horse from hence, and therefore while they prepare you a slight repast, you cannot refuse to walk with us round the home grounds, which are," added she, sighing, " what are called worth seeing."

Delmont could not refuse an invitation at once so good natured and so accommodating ; Miss Cardonnel joined them, and they made the tour of some part of the beautiful plantations that were near the house, Delmont forcing himself to remark, as a matter of complaisance, what at any other time would have given him real pleasure, for the place, in a superior degree, united magnificence with beauty, and modern cheerfulness with the nobler features of gothic grandeur,

deur, yet without any thing incongruous in their union.

Delmont's conversation, though to those who had seen him under happier circumstances it would have appeared evidently forced, yet seemed to his two fair companions, who had never seen him in happier days, so very attractive, that they agreed they had never met with so agreeable a man. Miss Richmond saw, not without pain, that the favourable impression he had on their first interview made on Miss Cardonnel was now confirmed; instead therefore of rallying her friend, she endeavoured to check the growth of this infant partiality, by intimating, that Mr. Delmont had an attachment, without repeating any part of their conversation, which might betray more than he wished to have known.

Delmont, had he not indeed borne a charmed heart, would have parted with the fair friends with great regret; but his eagerness to overtake and protect Medora against the machinations he had so
much

uch reason to dread, conquered and
forbed every other thought, and ac-
cepting the offer of an horse, he hastened
to rejoin his servant, and without al-
lowing himself any time to rest, proceeded
towards London.

C H A P. VIII.

“It is well observed (says Lord Bacon) that to be in love, and to be wife, is scarce possible even to a god.”

ARRIVED in London, Delmont hurried to the house of Mr. Meyrick, a linen draper in the Strand, whither Miss Richmond had directed him, and eagerly enquired at what time the young person, recommended by her to the care of Mr. Meyrick, had reached his house, and when she had left it?

Mr. Meyrick answered, that the next day after her arrival in town, he had at her own desire conducted her to the stage, going thrice a week to Had recommended her most earnestly to the care of the coachman, whom he had paid, and from whom he had received assurances that the greatest attention should be shewn to the

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the young lady; that he had himself furnished her with money to pay her postchaise to Dalebury Farm, whither she said he should instantly go; and Mr. Meyrick added, that he had no doubt but that she was now safe in the protection of her friends.

Delmont, satisfied as this account appeared, was not content with it. A thousand questions, which he had no means of having resolved, occurred to him. Had Medora then found her mother? Was she assured of protection at Dalebury? Yet certainly going thither was the most prudent step she could take whether Mrs. Glenmorris was there or not. He now repented having brought Susanne away, and determined to set out with her that night for Upwood, where he trusted he should now once more behold Medora. Yet doubts and fears hung heavy on his heart. He sought Armitage, in the hope of relieving his apprehensions, and above all in the hope that he had discovered Mrs. Glenmorris, a research in

which he knew he would be indefatigable. On enquiring, however, at his lodgings, he found he went suddenly out of town the day before, but whether intending to go to his own house, or any other place, the people where he had lodged did not know.

On more mature reflection, Delmont determined to send Susanne away immediately, and to stay one day in town, as well to inform himself of Armitage's success in the search he had made, which he thought he should hear, as to see the coachman, to whose care Medora had been committed on her journey, and who was to be at the inn where the coach put up the following morning. Having then dispatched Susanne, he slept not till he had seen this man; but what was his distress and consternation at hearing the following account.

"Sir," said the coachman, "the young gentlewoman was put into my coach by Mr. Meyrick, whom I know very well. I had no passenger but a very elderly woman going down to live with her grand-daughter.

ter, deaf and almost blind ; and I'm sure, to see the good nature that the young miss shewed to the poor old woman quite did my heart good. We set out, you know, early, because the coach meets mine to go sixteen miles bad road ; and at this time of year the mornings are getting dark. Well, Sir, at the turnpike at Vauxhall, I was hailed by the landlord of the Queen's Head, with 'What, Ralph, any inside place?'—I said yes, and asked how far. 'Why all the way to' says he. So presently out comes a fine jolly handsome middle-aged gentleman" (the heart of Delmont sunk with apprehension, while it swelled with indignation); "and he said he had only a little parcel in a cloak-bag, and a black servant, who was to go outside. So I opened the coach door, you know, as to be sure I could do no other, and I saw Miss was not much pleased to have another passenger, for she wrapt the silk and gauze-like what d'ye call it, that the women folks wear, over her pretty face, and
fat

sat snug up in the corner by the side of the old gentlewoman. So, Sir, on we went for five miles, when all of a sudden the gentleman (whose name I could not find out, for the black man would not say a word) all of a sudden, as we came by the French Horn Inn, where, you know, there is postchaises to let, the gentleman calls to me to stop—got out, helped Miss out, who had been crying till her eyes were all red, and seemed hardly able to stand, and so giving me his fare and his servant's, and half a guinea to boot (and Miss's he would have given me, only I told him I had been paid before) he went away with her and his servant into the French Horn Tavern."

"And did the young lady say nothing," cried Delmont, impatiently, "did she not resist being thus stopped on her journey?"

"No, Sir," replied the coachman, "cannot say she did, only she seemed despondent mollycholly, I thought, and I am sure she had been crying. I made bold, as

Mr.

Mr. Meyrick had given me such a charge, to say to the gentleman, that I hoped he was one as had a good right to take the care of the young gentlewoman, otherwise I should be answerable for her to her friends ; and he answered, ‘ Be in no pain on that account, honest Ralph ; I am one of her best friends, and have the best right to protect her.’—So then to be sure, as Miss did not contradict him, why what could I do ?—So there I left them, and as I came by the French Horn this morning, I stopped to enquire about them a bit, and John Newton the landlord said how they staid about an hour or so, and that Miss was in a sort of a fit, and forced to have hartshorn and water, and such like ; and when she seem’d for to be a little better, the gentleman ordered a postchai, and a saddle-horse for the neger, and they went off back to London.”

Delmont, as patiently as he could, listened to this relation, and then asked every question which he thought might enable

enable him to trace and to punish the man who seemed now to have finally closed upon him all the prospects he had indulged of recovering Medora and happiness. That this man was Sir Harry Richmond not a doubt remained; yet it was impossible to guess by what stratagem he could have prevailed on Medora to abandon her intention of going to Dalebury, and to put herself under the protection of one, of whose nefarious designs there could be little doubts, when she was hurried by his daughter from Arncliffe Forest (his Yorkshire place). The longer Delmont reflected on all the circumstances he had heard the more incomprehensible appeared the conduct of Medora, and for the first time, amidst all the uneasiness he had undergone, he suffered himself to doubt whether she merited the excessive, and even agonising, solicitude which he still continued to feel—yet hardly had he suffered such thoughts to gain upon his mind, before the image of her he loved returned to it as if to reproach

broach him, in all the candour and sweetness of youthful innocence, unsuspecting, because unknowing of evil, and he asked himself, whether there were not too many ways by which such a man as Sir Harry Richmond might take advantage of the simplicity of a girl hardly seventeen, and so new to the world as was Medora?—The instances of courage and propriety of conduct which he had admired when they were only slightly related to him by Mrs. Tarbat, served only to increase his wonder and embitter his regret. And what was now to be done? Whither could he go? He thought of and rejected many plans, and at length determined to go down to the inn the coachman had described, which was on a heath about six miles from London, on the Surry road, and endeavour to see the postillion who had conducted them from thence to London, imagining that by knowing where they had been set down he might trace them.

Losing therefore not a moment, he
got

got into a chaise at the first live stable, and was driven to the Frer Horn—There Delmont soon found what he enquired for, and learned that with the middle aged gentleman, the handsome young lady, and the black servant, he had gone as far as the stand of coaches at Charing Cross, where the two former had got into a coach, and the latter mounted behind, and he, feeling himself discharged, had immediately turned his horses heads towards the stable, and knew not which way the hackney coach had been ordered to drive nor what was its number. Here then again all traces of Medora seemed to be lost.

The people of the inn gave him the same account as he had already had from the stage coachman; and in renewed despair, instead of the information he had hoped for, Delmont returned to London.

He had absolutely forgotten, till reminded of it by unusual faintness, that

he had hardly eaten, and that he had not slept for six and thirty hours. The increased agitation of his mind, together with excessive fatigue, now made him sensible of personal uneasiness; he felt his blood inflamed, and his head giddy, while, though he was not himself conscious of it, his looks were wild, his eyes bloodshot, and his whole appearance — (an appearance altogether strange to him) such as a man falls into who has passed nights and days at the gaming table and the tavern.

He began, however, to suspect, that if he did not allow himself a few hours repose, he should be reduced to a state in which it might not be in his power to seek Medora or her mother; he was therefore returning to his lodgings, when in crossing towards Picadilly from the Haymarket, he saw in an hackney coach (which was for a moment in an embarrassment between some coal carts) Medora sitting in conversation, and, as it appeared, unreluctant conversation, with
the

the well looking middle aged gentleman. He even saw that she smiled, yet it was a faint and melancholy smile, while he hung upon her every word with an expression of the fondest delight. This was not to be endured—Regardless, indeed not thinking of consequences, Delmont rushed forward; but at that moment the impediment being withdrawn, the coachman whipped his horses on, and as if to recover the time he had lost, drove with unusual speed up Swallow Street.

Delmont, in all the haste *he* could make, followed it—But it was now hidden from him by other coaches, and he was now impeded by a cart unloaded on the pavement. The people who saw him imagined he was either some unfortunate young man pursued by a bailiff, or one who had just escaped from the keepers of a madhouse. Delmont heeded not what they thought; he did not even see them, but with eyes eagerly straining after the coach, he crossed in pursuit of
it

it Oxford Street, and at last saw it stop at the door of a private house in Portland Street. He waited in breathless agitation a moment. He beheld Sir Harry Richmond get out and assist Medora, and they went into the house together—The black servant took a parcel that was in the coach, paid the coachman, and was going to shut the door, when Delmont, without asking or answering any questions, pushed by him, and as, by the door of the parlour being open, he saw that those he sought were not there, he rushed up stairs, and threw open the drawing room door—He saw what completed his astonishment, indignation—Medora sitting on the knee of her companion, his arm round her waist, and her head declined on his shoulder.

“Monster! villain! seducer!” exclaimed Delmont, who stepped on, as if he meant to wreck his vengeance in another manner—when Medora started from her seat, and threw herself almost speechless into

into his arms, faintly attempting to utter some words which he could not hear.

The stranger in the mean time, after a very short pause, seemed to guess who Delmont was, and advanced towards him. "Mr. Delmont," said he, holding out his hand towards him—"Is it not Mr. Delmont?"

"Dare you ask?" exclaimed the enraged Delmont. "Oh! God!" cried Medora—"what do you mean, my dear friend! it is my father!"

"Your father!"

"Oh! yes, my own dear father."

Delmont felt the revulsion of his blood to be so violent, that he was compelled to sit down, still holding Medora's hand—"Your father!" repeated he—"Oh! Sir, what have I not endured of agony within these few moments—but Medora is safe, safe in your protection."

"And shall never leave it, Delmont," cried Glenmorris, embracing them both with great emotion, "but for yours—

Yes,

Yes, my dear friend, Medora is restored to us, the same innocent, the same lovely and admirable creature; but her mother!"

"What of her?" asked Delmont, eagerly, "what of Mrs. Glenmorris?"

"Alas, we know nothing," said Medora, sobbing—"We have not yet been able to trace her, my father"

She paused, not having the power to proceed—"Delmont," cried Glenmorris, his voice trembling; "where can she be? By what unaccountable accident have I lost my wife? Think what I have suffered even in so unexpectedly regaining my daughter, to know that of her mother nothing has been heard since their separation. Before I sat out for the country I had learned that no one in London knew where she was; all they were certain of being, that she and her daughter were separated, and nothing known of either of them."

Delmont put up his hand to his head—He was giddy and confused—The
images

images he saw before him of Medora and her father, seemed hardly real. He doubted whether he was not in the illusion of a dream. Yet, attempting to soothe the anguish which he saw overcome Medora, he could only inarticulately express himself; and after some words, attempting to comfort, though they only added to her disquiet, (since she thought he knew more than he would tell) he stopped merely from inability to speak on any subject with clearness at that moment.

"My dear friend," said Medora, taking his hand, "I believe you are very ill!"

"No, not ill; only a little fatigued, but that is nothing. Why should the soldier only be capable of long marches? Are not we farmers as hardy a race? Come, dear Sir," added he, summoning his usual cheerful manner, "let us not bring disgrace on our profession. Send me, I beseech you, in search of Mrs. Glenmorris, and I shall forget that I have been fatigued at all."

"Let

"Let us go, my dear Delmont," replied Glenmorris, who was already as well acquainted with him as if they had known each other for years. "Yet whither go?"

"You must not go, Sir; we must not leave Medora unprotected. I cannot now relate all the reasons why I intreat you not to lose sight of her; but let me, I implore you, go instantly any where that is likely to yield us an hope of finding my excellent, my admirable friend; then may I once more see Medora happy, and be so myself, beyond all that I have hitherto believed possible—happy in proportion as I have lately been miserable."

In despite of the effort Delmont made, it required less sagacity than Glenmorris possessed, to discover that he was extremely ill; and at length he was induced to own that he had not been in bed for several nights, and that he *did* feel himself somewhat disordered; "Nevertheless," said he, "I assure you, that were

any thing less pressing in question than an inquiry after her mother, it is Medora's account of what has befallen her since we last met, that would the soonest alluage this foolish sensation of fatigue which I have about me."

Glennorris, however, would not suffer him either to begin his enquiry after the mother, or to listen to the daughter, but insisted upon his going to his lodgings, and endeavouring to obtain some repose.

"To begin our united search after my poor Laura," said he, "with effect, we must not set out as invalids, liable to be affected by personal illness; go, therefore, my dear Delmont, take the rest which is, I am sure, necessary for you, and return to us when you are better able to hear, than you are now, what my daughter has to relate, and then we will consult together what can be done to relieve us all from so cruel a suspense. I have written," added he, "to Armitage, who will, I hope, be in London to-morrow."

Delmont saw that Medora was extremely

tremely solicitous he should follow her father's directions ; he therefore consented, though with reluctance, to go for a few hours to his lodgings, where, having changed his clothes, he threw himself upon the bed, and endeavoured to sleep ; his spirits, however, were in so great a tumult, that to sleep was impossible, and to attempt it only increased the irritability of his mind. Fatigue, great as he had undergone, could not lull his senses into temporary forgetfulness. The images of Glenmorris, of Medora, and of the beloved wife and mother they lamented, fled before his eyes, and merely fatigued by the endeavour to sleep, he started up, and once more took his way to the apartments of Glenmorris.

Medora was sitting with her father, more languid, as Delmont thought, and more affected by their sudden meeting, than she had been at the immediate moment. Glenmorris appeared to him exactly what he had been described ; a person above the common height, and

giving the idea at once of personal strength and mental dignity. Though his eyes were blue, and remarkably soft, there was at times something to stern in his countenance as inspired awe, and his voice deep, yet musical, was one of those which could not be heard without pleasure, nor, when it was his purpose to persuade, without conviction. His eloquence however was rather natural than acquired. He spoke rather from the feelings of his heart than the acquisition of his understanding, and when animated and interested by his subject, he arose to exert this native oratory, he appeared rather like an hero, such as Homer or Virgil describes, than a mere mortal of the present day. Glenmorris, who was hardly twenty when he married, was now only in his thirty eighth year, but a fear across his forehead and nose, which he had received when he became a prisoner to the pirates, and his originally fair complexion being very much changed by climate, he appeared two or three years older.

most admired the justness of the description he had received from the people of whom he had inquired, in the persuasion that it was Sir Harry Richmond: "that the gentleman was a very grand sort of man;" the idea of grandeur being what strikes persons in that rank of life, from a tall, large, and martial looking figure.

The likeness that Medora bore to her father was rendered more remarkable by the dejection which abated much of the fire and vivacity of his countenance. He could not now speak of his wife without betraying by his faltering voice, and by the tears in which his eyes swam, how cruelly he felt her unaccountable absence; yet he evidently endeavoured to stifle these expressions of his concern for Medora's sake, who watched every turn of his countenance with distressing solicitude, and seemed unable to support the complicated pain of reflecting on the anguish of one of her parents, inflicted by the loss of the other.

Glennorris, who saw that Delmont would be restless and uneasy till he had heard Medora's little history, and anxious himself to go out, though he knew not whither, in search of his Laura, took occasion, after they had drank tea, to leave them together, as he imagined his daughter would be under less restraint when he was absent, and was on reflection sensible of the propriety of what Delmont had said, that she should never be left without the protection of either her father or her lover; Glennorris therefore, committing his lately recovered treasure to the care of Delmont, set out in search of the other. All that once gave pleasure or pain to him in the great metropolis, which he thus revisited after an absence of above fifteen years, had entirely lost its influence; he now wondered how he ever could have beheld these scenes with such different eyes.

The charm he had formerly found or imagined in society, such as is to be met with in a great city, had vanished; his

friends

friends were gone; some were dead, others disappeared from poverty or from weariness; and a few were become what are called statesmen, and had put on the golden fetters, which they fancied were worn for the benefit of their country. It was not these that Glenmorris envied; he envied indeed no one, but rather beheld with wonder the toil and fatigue which were incurred to make a splendid appearance at such an immense expence as would have supported in America fifty families in more real comfort and plenty. He saw men labouring in places like dungeons the greater and better part of their days in the hope of some future satisfaction which great riches were to bestow; but the means were seldom acquired till the end was lost, and till the power of enjoyment existed no longer. He saw the continual and often successful effort of knaves to take advantage of fools, and beheld a spirit of quackery prevail from the state charlatan, exhausting and enfeebling

seeking the public constitution, to the
 advertising power of some poisonous
 drug, and hardly as he contemplated the
 marketing scene of almost universal
 deception, knew whether he
 most to despise or to pity those who
 acted thus, or those who suffered.

Far from repenting that he had withdrawn himself to America, Glenhorns regretted only that he had, in attempting to obtain gilding for the invaluable jewels, whose intrinsic value nothing could increase, lost perhaps one, and so narrowly escaped being deprived of the other; he now felt from conviction, what indeed he had never doubted, that great fortune had no power to add to that domestic felicity, which alone is worth the wish of a rational being, and he had no hesitation in determining, that when his Laura was restored to him, he would not be detained a moment by those projects of obtaining her fortune, which had been the cause of their cruel separation, but that

that he would return directly to his farm, and, if it were possible, engage Delmont, with whose appearance and manners he was highly satisfied, to accompany them, and become an inhabitant of the new world.

To cultivate the earth of another continent, to carry the arts of civil life, without its misery and its vices, to the wild regions of the globe, had in it a degree of sublimity, which, in Glenmorris's opinion, sunk the petty politics and false views so eagerly pursued in Europe, into something more despicable than childish imbecility in proportion as such schemes are injurious to the general happiness of the society where they are exercised. When he reflected on the degradation to which those must submit, who would make what is called a figure in this country; that they must sacrifice their independence, their time, their taste, their liberty, to etiquette, to forms and falsehoods, which would to him be insupportable, he rejoiced that he had made his election where human life was in pro-

gressive improvement, and where he had not occasion to turn with disgust, from the exercise of abject meanness to obtain the advantages of affluence, or with pity from fruitless efforts to escape from the humiliations of poverty.

A lately considered as lost, being restored to him, he was then when he had first given notice of his return, raised to a higher position than he had ever occupied in his opinion of the world, and in the privacy of conduct, he had shown himself unable to repeat to others of common the variety of emotions and sensations which now flooded on his mind, he took his chance, and in the same manner the tears that fell from his eyes seemed to relieve the oppression he had so long laboured under. "Alas," cried he, "my own mind is now a vast field of your spirit to be cultivated, and I am a creature that has been your mother's child, and have separated your mother from me."

But he had not time to say more, for he was
 from the English ship and of course not
 the exercise of which means to obtain

CHAP. IX.

the advantages of nature, or with pity
 from the most noble of men, Delmont, most
 That noble grace, that dash'd brute violence

With sudden adoration and chaste awe.

ALONE with Medora, whom he had so
 lately considered as lost, seeing her
 restored to him such as she was when he
 had first given her his whole heart, or even
 raised to a superior degree of excellence
 in his opinion, by the courage and pro-
 priety of conduct she had shewn, Del-
 mont was unable to repress or conceal
 the variety of emotions and affections
 which now crowded on his heart; he
 took her hands, and as he kissed them,
 the tears that fell from his eyes seemed
 to relieve the oppression he had so long
 laboured under. "Medora," cried he,
 "my own, my beloved Medora, have
 you spirits to relate the strange series of
 circumstances that have torn you from
 me? that have separated your mother

from all that at the very moment when
 I hoped we were to be united for ever!
 But do not, my angels, make any exertion
 that may be painful to you, or I with me
 pass my curiosity, and seeing you safe,
 will wait for a calmer hour before I
 desire you to retake these painful scenes;
 yet it seems to me, my love, as if your
 description alone could afford us some
 clue by which we may discover why and
 where your dear mother is concealed. Yet
 "That consideration, Delmont, would
 alone be enough," answered Medora,
 "but your wish is with more force
 enough to conquer whatever reluctance I
 may have. I will, however, be as brief
 as I can. I am to visit two grooms
 and "You know that a few days after you
 were gone, letters from that odious Mr.
 Petrify, and some other circumstances,
 compelled my mother to go to London.
 As she hoped to return in a few days,
 she would not take Susanne with her, for
 you know I love to do any little services
 about her, and she was unwilling to in-
 crease

onise expense. (1) One, indeed, she even
 thought of going to Mrs. Ginsted, merely
 as less expensive than a hotel, but at my
 entreaty she determined on the latter. As
 soon then as we got there, my mother,
 whose active and intelligent spirit seldom
 finds under difficulties, set about the bu-
 siness which had been the occasion of our
 journey; she would not take me with her,
 but left me employment in copying let-
 ters and papers on business, and I was well
 content to be in this way at least of some
 use to her, without going among people
 who seem to me to be the most disagre-
 eable sort of animals I had ever yet seen.
 London, and but once. I found myself
 among four or five of them, and I knew
 not why, but they inspired me at once
 with disgust and abhorrence. (2) What were they, Madam? said Del-
 mont. "Can you describe them, my love?"
 (3) Oh! yes, for they made a most dis-
 agreeable impression on my memory.
 There was that strange awkward old man,
 whom they call Loadworth—about his
 face

face there is something that conveys ideas of luxury, subdued by self consequence, as if his pride and malignity had made him mad, and his consciousness of his importance prevented his being just as much, so as to lose the little provincial business he has left. His two little fierce grey eyes, his carrotty wig, and his unfathomable way of articulating, even when he is not insolently peevish (which he is at all times to every body who are forced to hear it) would render him a most offensive wretch, even if he had not the character of being capable of any roguery, and of having art enough to bear himself through it; and if he were not known to be one of the most malicious and unmanly of a crew, who have in general but very little feeling, and, in being lawyers, forget all that is good as men."

"Indeed, Medora, you do not spare them," said Delmont.

"Of myself, you know, I could not be informed of all this—I could only tell you the impression made by the personal appearance

assurance of each of these men; but my
 mother, who is no bad judge, and who,
 you know, can draw a tolerable likeness,
 filled up in some of our conversations the
 outline my own observation made. An-
 other man, who seemed to me equally
 worthless, was that Brownjohn, one of the
 most dauntless and ignorant coxcombs
 I ever beheld. The disagreeable vulgar
 fellow prates of people he never saw as
 if they were his nearest relations; tells
 of lords, and knights, and esquires, whom
 he does not know even by sight, and
 supports an appearance above what his
 iniquitous practice gives him, by dint
 of falsehood, fraud, and impudence.—
 You would not think any thing that can
 be said of him too harsh, if I had time
 to relate the anecdotes I have heard of
 his daring iniquity; and when you know
 that the extraordinary and disagreeable
 circumstances I have been involved in
 were of his contrivance, you will not, I
 think, imagine I speak of him too se-
 verely.

“Of

"Of his contrivance!" exclaimed Delmont. "But I will be patient, Medora; proceed."

"I will not give you any more than of these ugly likenesses, but go on to tell you, that every day, on my mother's return from her conferences with these men, she became more and more dejected; her usual courage and just confidence on her own powers deserted her, and for almost the first time in my life I heard her complain, and repent that in coming to England she had sacrificed substantial happiness to the pursuit of a chimera, which, even if it could be attained, was not worth one year, nay, not one month, of the tranquillity, happiness and domestic comfort we had known in America, before these ambitious projects had been listened to. I once more, for I had often done it before, most earnestly exhorted her to pursue them no farther, but that she would determine, as soon as you returned, which might be expected every day, to go back to America. If, said I, Delmont

Delmont loves me, he will accompany me—(forgive me Delmont, for the doubts these *if's* implied;) if he does not, the sooner I find shelter with you, my mother and my father, against a conviction that will, I own, give me pain, the sooner I shall be restored to tranquillity, and to the uninterrupted performance of those duties which will always be enough for my heart, while I have such a father and such a mother to love me, and to love.

Delmont, fondly pressing her hand to his lips, sighed, and said, "Medora, you are the only person who could have raised these doubts; but I will not interrupt you."

"My mother," continued she, "for what reason I knew not, always escaped from this sort of discourse, and, I thought, wished, contrary to her usual method in regard to me, to conceal something from me; that something then must be uneasy, for the whole study of her life had been to save me from pain, and to give me pleasure. She had however taught me

me never to appear inquisitive, never to seek to know more than she thought proper to tell me. I therefore concealed my uneasiness, and endeavoured, when after these disagreeable conferences she returned to me, to receive her with cheerfulness. It happened that in the hope of ending this irksome business a little sooner, she had one day consented to dine with Brownjohn, on a sudden invitation, and as she thought I should be uneasy at her prolonged absence, she wrote a note with a pencil, accounting for it, which was brought to me by one of Brownjohn's clerks. Two days afterwards, my mother being again out, another note was brought to me by the same person, who waited in a coach for an answer. I opened it; but here it is, my dear friend; though almost effaced, you will see how artfully it was copied after the other pencil note written in my mother's hand, and how easy it was for me to be deceived."

Medora then gave Delmont a piece of paper, in which was written with a pencil

in

in an hand not distinguishable from that of Mrs. Glenmorris, the following words:

My dearest girl, I am unexpectedly detained again, and induced, by the hope of bringing our business sooner to a close, to accept the invitation of Mr. Brownjohn to his house near Barnet, where some of the parties will be, whose advice is the most material to me; and if we are together, we may perhaps be enabled to decide at once; come, therefore, my Medora, with the gentleman who delivers this, to your most affectionate

"L. G."

"I am now, to save time, setting out in a post-chaise with Mr. Brownjohn; he lends his coach and a confidential person for you."

Not only the hand, but the style of Mrs. Glenmorris were so well imitated in this letter, that Delmont owned he should himself have been deceived. Indigna-
tion,

tion, however, at so base an artifice was for a moment predominant. Medora proceeded.

"In consequence of this note, then I made some very slight alteration in my dress, and got into the coach, taking with me my night linen, as I understood, from the decent looking oldish man in the coach, whom I spoke to before I entered it, that we were to remain one night at the villa of Mr. Brownjohn; and I went the more cheerfully, as I imagined my mother meant that this conference, which I knew to be utterly disagreeable to herself, should be final. I hoped therefore that at its close would be decided either our return to Upwood or to America, or at least that nothing depending on these lawyers would afterwards delay either one or the other.

"In this expectation I got into the coach. The man I saw there was, I thought, between forty and fifty. There was nothing remarkable about him. He was

such

such a man as one every where sees; a round faced man in a light coloured wig; and he put on a sort of cringing complaisance, such as is frequent from people who fancy that servility is politeness. He talked to me as we went along towards Barnet, and called me now and then *Miss*, and *dear Miss*. I could have dispensed with his conversation, and his dear *Misses*; and in fact I found it above all things impossible to give him my attention, for as soon as we got a little out of the immediate neighbourhood of the city, I seemed once more to be in my element; I saw heaths, and fields, and trees, Finchley Common (I did not then know its name) was delightful, and I longed to wander over its turf; but beyond it the country seemed almost enchanting. I had, you will remember, been shut up more than a week in a dirty hotel, in a close part of London, in the month of August, and to breathe the free air of the country even though there had still been a

sub-

such

a suburban look about it, was delicious.

"I began, however, to remark to my fellow traveller, that we were a long while on the way. The man answered, that Mr. Brownjohn's horses were fat pampered creatures, his coachman very fond of them, and that the coach was heavy, all which might be very true, and we continued our way for sometime without any farther marks of impatience on my part.

"At length I saw that the sun had sunk below the horizon. I had passed mile stones, which said, from Barnet two, from Barnet one, yet still we went on through a town that I fancied was Barnet, still, still we went on, more and more slowly however, for the horses, though not the sleek pampered steeds of Mr. Attorney Brownjohn, were certainly very tired.

"I now again began to express my uneasiness, and the man again attempted

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to

to appease my impatience. He said that Mr. Brownjohn's villa was a little out of the road; a sort of hunting box at the edge of Mr. Somebody's park; and that we should presently turn out of the great north road and arrive at it.

Turn out of the great north road we certainly did; and went for I think about half a mile up a lane, which seemed but very little frequented. When between two small woods, and in a place where no passengers were likely to pass, the coach stopped.

I looked out; the fine summer evening was fading into night. I saw no house, and turning to my conductor, whose countenance I thought assumed a very singular look, I asked, but I felt my voice tremble, where was the house of Mr. Brownjohn?

He looked white; for even a *lawyer* may sometimes, I understand, feel compunction. I thought he trembled, but I knew not what he answered, for I heard at that moment the rattle of wheels.

An

An hack postchaise and four drew up to the coach door, and I saw in it a man, whose name I did not remember. He had once been with my mother about business; but I should have forgotten, perhaps, that I had ever seen him at all, if there had not been a something in his countenance particularly pert and disagreeable, a something that though it is felt can hardly be described.

“ I looked in wonder and in terror towards the chaise; the man in it was *Darnell*, the brother of Brownjohn.

“ He got out, opened the door of the coach as well as that of the chaise, and said, “ Miss Glenmorris, you will please to get into this chaise ? ”

“ I into that chaise, Sir, said I, for why ?

“ Eh ! ah ! eh ! Miss, cried the odious looking man, Your *Mammaa*, your *Mammaa*, Miss, has, has, has, gone farther on, and wishes you to, to, to, to come with me, Miss, to her.

“ I now began to dread I knew not what

what—my fear, indeed, was for a moment such as deprived me of every power of conjecture. Recovering my recollection, however, I recovered also some portion of courage, and I positively refused to remove into the chaise. Sir, said I to the man, who had, as he pretended, been sent to conduct me from the hotel, you have brought me here on I know not what false pretences; but farther I will not go. In truth I hardly know what I afterwards said; I only recollect that I resisted to the utmost of my power the compulsion used to oblige me to pass from one carriage to another; but my resistance was useless, and I found myself seated by the side of that Darnell, and proceeding with as much speed as four posthorses could exert, I knew not whither.

“The impertinent man had the rudeness to take my hand, muttering something about his love and his admiration, which he hoped would plead in my fair bosom his excuse for the step he had taken.

VOL. IV.

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This insolence roused me—I snatched my hand from him, and asked him how he dared address himself in that manner to me?—I then let down the glass, though he tried to prevent me, and called out to the postillions; but the horses were at their utmost speed; the pebbles and gravel of the road were even forced into my face by the violence with which they galloped.

The postillions either could not or would not hear me; and though my determined manner prevented the slightest addition to the impertinence that odious Darnell had before presumed to insult me with, I was, in despite of all my remonstrances, carried on to the next stage.

“There I was determined to make a desperate effort to escape from this insolent and ridiculous man, from whose awkward attempts to make love to me I learned, that he had heard from his brother, Brownjohn, that I was the undoubted heiress to near half the fortune of the rich old Dutch merchant my grandfather; but he fancied he had the art to persuade

persuade me that my personal charms had made a deep impression on him, and that it was on that account only he had been impelled, from the *irresistible nature of his passion*, to take the only method which seemed to him likely to secure me to himself. Do you doubt that I treated as he deserved this contemptible miscreant? He had imagined, perhaps, that because I was very young, he might terrify me or impose on me; but I assured him in plain terms, that the first attempt at personal rudeness or impertinence should be the last he would have in his power to make; and I as plainly told him he was to me the object of as much abhorrence as was consistent with the most ineffable scorn and contempt; and that as to the love he pretended, I thought of it only as an insult which he would never have dared to have ventured, if instead of naming it in a post-chaise, into which he had so infamously trepanned me, he had been in a place

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where

where I could have directed a servant to turn him down stairs."

"Charming girl," cried Delmont, passionately kissing her hand, "how are you raised in my opinion by so proper an exertion of spirit."

"And yet," said Medora, "while I was thus sincere with this miserable Darnell, my cowardly little heart seemed to have left its place, and to have taken up its residence in my throat. The man, however, seemed disappointed, but not repulsed. He probably collected together all the proverbs he had ever heard, such as, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" "Speak and speed;" and, "None but the brave deserve the fair;" for he seemed after a little pause to determine to be very brave; so he told me that I might perhaps suppose he had contrived to elope with me on account of my *fortin*, but 'I afshore you, Miss Glanemorris,' quoth he, seeming much elated as he spoke, 'I afshore you, Ma'am, I've a very an-
som

some fortune of my own, and didn't be to seek; for parsons of the first consequence in the city, and tother end the town too, ave wish'd me to make my addressees to their daaters. Hiv a wery good estate in Shropshire as come by my grandmother, and my mother's aunt ave a pretty little property too, I'll assure you, in Yorkshire, and money in the funds, which we're sure of!—besides that hiv the onor to bere his majesty's commisshon.'

'What is all this to me, Sir?' said L. Do you imagine if you were possessed of the first property in England, that I should for a moment think of you?'

'Indeed, Ma'am, I don't see why not? I asshore you, Miss, if it ad not bin that hiv a somethink of an unaccountable sort of a attachment for your parson, it is not your fortune as would ave induced me for to ave taken this missure—But come now, dear Miss, most *amabel* Miss Medorer, let me ope that sins ve har eer'

taken my hand, but I snatched it from him, and summoning all my resolution, said, ' Mr. ——— whatever your name is, let me tell you once for all, that I never will listen to you ; that I will never endure the slightest liberty ; and that unless you immediately take me back to my mother, I will most assuredly have you prosecuted, for I know such conduct is as illegal as it is infamous. Sir I never saw you to exchange a single word with you in my life. I cannot, I think, be an object to you as to fortune, and I beg you will consider the risk you incur of punishment for such an action as this. Take me back, Sir—restore me to my mother, and this ridiculous attempt shall be overlooked.'

" The man, who really seemed to me to be half a fool, had however vanity to so absurd an excess, that I could at any other time have laughed at it. He really, I believe, fancied that his merit and his personal perfections were such as no young woman could behold with indifference, especially when he professed
what

what he termed violent love to her; so he went on to exert this irresistible eloquence, while I was silent, and thinking of the best method of making my escape. I heard however that he was the only son of a man who had been brought up to trade, but succeeding to a fortune had married Brownjohn's mother, then, as he related, a fine buxom widow; and so he was partly edshewcated at Shrewsbury, and then his father vishing to put him to some business, but thinkink a shop not *genteel enouge* for im, vy he was put prentice to a Vest Ingée marchand, were he staid a year or two, but not much liking it, and aving no need to be in trade becaus of his pretty fortin, he ad even become a sojer, and got a com-misshon to defend his kink and country:

"There was one advantage in my bearing all this jargon, which seemed to be collected from the different lines of life he had been in; it convinced me the man was a fool; and though I have often heard my mother declare, that no animal

is so difficult to manage, I thought the species of fool into whose hands I had so strangely fallen had so little real resolution, that he might be made to desist from his purpose. He seemed as if he had never been accustomed to the company of any woman above the condition of a bar-maid at a tavern, and his notion of saying fine things was, I soon perceived, taken from the scraps of plays he had heard at half-price, which he quoted, as the French say, *a tort et a travers*, and sometimes remembered a whole line, some times only half a one; poor Shakespeare was most cruelly mangled by him. After *afshoring* me of his good qualities, he said with great emphasis;

“Speak haff me has I ham,
 “Nothink hextenerate, nor fit down hought in
 malice.”

I assured him, that if he would fit *me* down where he found me, I should do my utmost endeavours not only to make

no

no report of him in any way, but to dismiss him from my mind as soon as possible."

"Dearest Medora," exclaimed Delmont, "that at your time of life you could have such true courage as to make remarks upon this stupid scoundrel, and to smile!"

"Indeed I did, Delmont; but it was not because my heart was a moment at ease; it was because I saw that by contemptuous treatment, which the poor wretch knew he deserved, though it was new to him, I really awed him into respect; and I was not without hope that I should prevail upon him by this means to give up his insolent yet senseless project, and to carry me back to my mother, whose anguish of heart, which I for ever represented to myself, was the most bitter of all my fears, though I was not ignorant how much injury my character might sustain from this excursion, involuntary as it was. You will wonder, perhaps, that I should have command enough over

myself to recal the past or to think of the future, while the present circumstance was such as might well overwhelm me with terror; but after the first flutter of my heart had subsided, and I began to comprehend the character of the man in whose power I was, I remained still, it is true, under considerable terror, but not to such a degree as to deprive me for a moment of my recollection and presence of mind. My mother, and what she would suffer, was my most uneasy thought; but I considered that to suffer myself to be enervated by fear, when only courage and steadiness could restore me to her, would be doing her the greatest injury she could sustain—for her sake then, for her whom I love better than any human being——” (Medora remembered that she knew not whether her mother yet existed, and her voice failed her)—Recovering herself, however, she proceeded.

“ For my mother I determined to exert that resolution, which she had often told me was a virtue as becoming in a
K woman

woman as in a man. It is not firmness; Medora, she has often said, that gives an unpleasant and unfeminine character to a woman; on the contrary, the mind, which has acquired a certain degree of reliance on itself, which has learned to look on the good and evil of life, and to appreciate each, is alone capable of true gentleness and calmness. Sullen indifference or selfish coldness may sometimes give something of the same appearance to a character, but they are always repulsive, and women who assume either affected softness or languid apathy are never beloved. She who has learned to despise the trifling objects that make women who pursue them appear so contemptible to men; she who without neglecting her person has ornamented her mind, and not merely ornamented, but has discovered that nothing is good for any human being, whether man or woman, but a conscientious discharge of their duty; an humble trust that such a conduct will in any future state of existence secure more fel-

licity than is attainable here; and an adherence to that pure morality, which says, Do what good you can to all; never wilfully injure any—these are the acquisitions that will give tranquillity to the heart and courage to the actions, and even amidst the heaviest storms of fortune, bestow repose on their possessor—I say repose, my Medora, because we abuse the word happiness; it is meant to convey an idea which is, I fear, never realized.”

Medora, never able to express what she felt for Mrs. Glenmorris, was again unable to proceed; yet in a few moments again recovering her voice, she said—“ Oh! best and dearest of mothers, what comfort, what inexpressible comfort it would now be to know that you, who have deserved every blessing, are now even tranquil; to know that you do not at this moment experience in your own person the sad conviction that there are evils for which fortitude, and sweetness, and
goodness

goodness like your's administer no consolation."

Delmont, who saw that Medora was now too much affected to proceed, desired her to delay a little the continuation of her narrative.

C H A P. X.

What peril then in savage wood or waste,
Or forest dark, or where the wild waves roar
Incessant on the bleak and desert shore,
Appals the virgin resolutely chaste
From man's base arts escaping?

MEDORA thus proceeded :
“ Nothing but the vigilance with
which it was necessary to guard against
the least insolence could perhaps have
kept me from sinking under the compli-
cated oppressions of fear and fatigue,
added to the distracting conjectures on
what my mother would think, and what
she would do. Arrived at a considerable
town, of which I know not the name, be-
tween one and two in the morning,
Mr. or, as he chuses to style himself,
Captain Darnell, who I believe was little
accustomed to expose that beloved per-
son of his to any kind of violent exer-
tion,

tion, began to discover that he wanted his supper, an article of which I found he thought as being of considerable importance. After a preamble of some length he said, if I would promise him not to make any complaint to the people of the house, which, after all, they would not believe, we would get out, and would rest for some hours. I told him I should make no promise; that on the contrary I would make every possible effort to escape from him; yet as I perceived he then hesitated whether he should go into the house, I thought it more prudent to dissemble a little, or rather to abate somewhat of my apparent indignation. The poor wretch, for indeed he is a very contemptible animal, suffered himself to believe what he wished though I would promise nothing, and I was handed into the inn. As my hope was that I should have an opportunity of interesting the mistress of the house in my favour, I suffered him to believe me more tranquil than I had hitherto appeared; I
even

even took the refreshment he offered me; and he now supposed, that reconciled to his scheme I was gradually becoming milder, and that what reluctance still remained was only pride, not yet determining how to accommodate itself to circumstances.

“ As soon as the waiter withdrew, whom to my infinite mortification I saw considered us a young couple going on a matrimonial expedition to Scotland, I repeated to him, commanding myself however as much as I could, that if he would assure me he would the next day return to London, and restore me to my mother, I would most solemnly promise him to forgive his attempt, and would engage that my relations should not take such vengeance against him as he knew would otherwise be in their power. He again began to plead the violence of his uncontrollable passion, which, he said, rendered it impossible for him to commit so great a violence on all his feelings as to part with me. He threw himself at
my

my feet, and repeated sundry scraps of plays in a tone, and with such grimaces as would at any other time have excited my mirth, but now, as he made an attempt to seize my hands, I was not able to endure his insolent folly, and started from him with a resolution to rush into the most frequented part of the house, and throw myself on the protection of the first person who had the appearance of having human feelings; Darnell, however, who would thus have seen all his fine project overturned, was too strong for me; he threw himself between me and the door, and snatching up at the same time his pistol case, which lay in a chair near it, he took out one of them, though I saw his hand shook as he did it, ‘Ma-a-dam,’ said he, his voice trembling in his throat, ‘Ma-a-dam, I-I I-I cannot endure this cru-cru-cruel tre-e-e-tment; I will put an end to my *torture* unless you instantly will consent to become my wife.’

“I know not now,” continued Medora,

dora, "and at this moment am disposed to wonder how it happened that I felt very little terror at the folly of the man—I thought he loved himself too well to hurt himself, and was tolerably sure that if any mischief happened it would be by accident, and not by any design of this frantic lover; yet I own a loaded pistol in hands that had been accustomed to wield only the pen or the sugar board was not a circumstance one could be very quiet under—I should be very sorry to be the occasion of the death of any creature that breathes, and certainly know not how I should have endured the spectacle with which this new Orlando threatened me; but besides that I had a considerable reliance on his extreme affection for himself, I really had, even at the moments which he intended should oppress me with terror and amazement, so much presence of mind as to reflect, that the loss of an insignificant and useless consumer of the fruits of the earth would be no great evil; and that if he was determined
either

either to kill or marry, he should certainly, if I was to decide, make his election for the first of these desperate deeds.

“ I, left him, therefore, with the pistol grasped in one hand and the lock of the door in the other, and crossing the room, which was a very large one, I applied myself to the *bell*, and repeatedly rang it with as much force as I could exert.

“ The waiter was on one side of the door in a moment ; the Captain therefore, not to make what had happened public, was compelled to recede from the other, and without waiting while this hero, whose white face was covered with powder, his hair staring wildly, and his gesture such as might well make the man wonder, accounted for the summons. I passed them both, and going along a passage found the bar, and entering it asked for the mistress of the house.

‘ There is no mistress, Ma’am,’ said an odd and unpleasant looking woman, to whom I applied myself, ‘ I has the management

nagement of this here house—I begs to know your commands?”—I did not, I own, much like the appearance of this person. ‘Is the master of the house within?’—‘Yes, Ma’am, he is to be sure, but he’s ill in bed with the gout.’”

‘Well then,’ said I, ‘I must apply to you, Madam, and I hope you will protect me. The person who has brought me hither by a stratagem, a trick, is a man I knew not before even by sight. He is endeavouring between force and persuasion to compel me to go with him to Scotland, but I will die first. Whoever assists me in escaping from him will be most liberally rewarded; but those who aid his views and help him to detain me will undoubtedly share in his punishment.’ I saw by a glance, that Darnell, who had probably made his bargain with the waiter while I was out of the room, had now crept after me, and stood near me, his mouth half-open, and his detestable eyes staring with an expression of fear and rage. I continued to urge
the

he bar-woman, who at length said, 'Lawk Miss, I'm sure it is a great quantity for me to know how to do in sich a case; law, Miss, why did you come with this honnur, if so be-as that you was like or to alter your mind. For my part I don't see what I can do I'm sure. You know, Miss, them there sort of things be not the business of we at inns. Ladies and gemmen must settle all that there as they pleases; I don't see how we can interfere in no shape.'

'You are quite right, Miss Jane,' cried Darnell, advancing, 'I admire your good sense, 'tis wery much to your credit I'll asshore you. Indeed, upon the honor of a gentleman and an officer, this young lady has only just changed her mind by reason of a sort of a lover's little quarrel, and all will come right again. Come, come, my dear Miss Medora,' and again he would have taken my hand—'Come, come, let us be friends.' I own, my dear Delmont, that at that moment my courage had nearly forsaken me. What will

will become of me, thought I—Good God, what will become of me among such people as these. I believe all those in the inn were by this time assembled about us, and I looked round to see if there was in the group one face indicating honesty and sense; but the hostlers, the waiters, the postillions, and the female servants, and even two or three persons who seemed not to belong to the house, all appeared to be mightily amused with the scene, and I found I had no chance of procuring my release from them; I felt too at the same time, that the fatigue and harassing anxiety I had now so long been in were likely, in despite of my struggles to sustain myself, soon to overcome me. I was afraid I should have fallen, and was compelled to hold by and lean on the pillar that supported the window of the bar opening into the entrance of the inn. I recovered, however, voice enough to say, if then there is no one here who will prevent such infamous conduct, I demand the security of a room
to

to myself, where I may be sure of being free from molestation during the night.

‘To be sure,’ cried Darnell, ‘who ever hintimated any design to hinterrupt you?—Never me, I’m shore—I desire to be upon honour, strict honour, and nothink els; come Miss Jane,’ went he on, addressing himself to the bar-woman, ‘come, let the *cha-ambermaid* shew Miss to a proper and genteel room.’ A servant girl now came curteysying with a light; and as I did not see that any situation could be less hateful than that I was now in, I followed her to a neat room, where, having made her go with me round it, and assured myself there was no other door than that I could bolt (for there were very strong bolts to it within side) I dismissed her, not however, till I had offered her all the money in my pocket, if she would contrive my escape; but whether the sum (not above thirty shillings) was too small to tempt her, or whether the girl really was stupid, I know not, but she only looked at me with an idiot grin, and

and shook her head. When she was gone, I again examined the room, and felt all round the paper; there was no door but that I had bolted and locked. I looked out of the windows, but from thence there was no probability of my escape, for besides that they were very high from the ground, the place beneath them was a stable-yard full of men cleaning their horses; and I saw soldiers, postillions, and waggoners continually passing and repassing. I suffered however the sashes to remain open, because I could hear these persons talking, which seemed to be a sort of protection, and the air was refreshing to my wearied and exhausted frame. I sat down near one of them, and contemplated the skies. My spirits were relieved, but I could not shed tears. My mother, my dear deserted mother, was before me the instant I was alone. I thought I beheld her losing all her fortitude under a stroke so strange, so unexpected; I heard her call for her Medorra! I heard her wild her eager inquiries, and

and at last conjured up such an image of anguish and despair that I could bear it no longer, but was conscious that unless by an effort of resolution I forced my mind from the contemplation of this fearful subject, I should lose in frenzy the power of so acting as might, when I was restored to her, heal the cruel wounds under which my poor mother at this moment suffered.

“ The house soon became as quiet as such a house ever is ; I thought its inmates, and Darnell among the rest, were gone to their repose, and finding it difficult to support myself any longer, I lay down in my clothes, and obtained some hours of partial forgetfulness. I could never so far divest myself of terror as to sleep quietly, but started at every noise, and recollected with renewed apprehension where I was and what I had to fear. At five o'clock I arose, however, considerably refreshed, and again looked from the windows, and again reconsidered what could be done to escape. My contriv-

ances, however, were very vain; no means were at hand, and between five and six the bar-woman herself tapped at my door, and said, 'The Captain, Ma'am, gives his compliments, and desires me to let you know that he waits breakfast for you.'

"I answered, that I had nothing to do with the Captain, and meant to stay where I was. To the arguments she thought proper to use I gave no answer; but she had at length the insolence to tell me the door must then be broke open, for nobody should shut themselves up so in her master's house. As I thought her not unlikely to execute this or any other piece of brutality she was paid for, I opened the door, rather I own in a transport of indignation than of fear. Darnell, who had heard of the contest, by this time appeared, and again put on his creeping humility, and began to talk of his passion. I told him that my resolution was unalterable, and that unless he resolved to return to London, nothing but direct force should compel me to enter

enter a carriage with him. He endeavoured by half sentences and vague professions to persuade me that my will should be his; and I in my turn dissimulated a little, and affected to believe him, for at that moment it occurred to me, that as there were soldiers in the house, there were certainly officers, and if I could see any one of them, I determined to appeal to him for protection against Darnell, who I was sure was personally a coward. I was aware that there was some hazard in doing this, but I had not so contemptible an opinion of mankind as to suppose it probable I should fall into worse or as bad hands as those of this stupid, obstinate, and worthless pretender to the character of a gentleman. The mere chivalric turn of a military man would, I hoped, be in my favour, and at all events my resolution was taken to risk it; but Mr. Darnell, who perhaps foresaw some such attempt on my part, thought he should do wisely not to put it in my power; and as soon as he had himself swal-

lowed an hasty though a very plentiful breakfast, the chaise was announced, and he desired me to get in. It was in vain I made every excuse, and then peremptorily insisted on delay. The bar-woman seemed to have enlisted in the service of the Captain with a zeal which I believe no more worthy cause would have excited; this wretched woman rather encouraged the man than checked him. She had no notion, she said, of such childish airs; the Captain would be very much to blame indeed if he minded them. I had more fear of remaining where this woman could instigate the foolish animal to persist in or to aggravate his atrocity, than of being left to his mercy, which I knew would be tempered according to his fears. I had heard, that when women are thoroughly bad and abandoned, they are more determined and inveterate in wickedness than men; I therefore resolved to entrust myself once more to the noble Captain, and was once more seated in a postchaise by him,

most

most reluctantly I own; but though I had hitherto been so unsuccessful in my attempts to escape, my contempt of him had increased, and I thought I should hardly fail of meeting at another inn a more womanly and humane governess of it than Miss Jane ——. Our conversation, however, as we proceeded, was for some time carried on with increased asperity on both sides. The Captain seemed to hope to frighten me; I was not without the same hope in regard to him. We arrived at a late hour at Skipton; I there, you know, put myself into the protection of the landlady. You have told me, Delmont, that you know great part of what passed the first time of my being there. Darnell most solemnly promised that he would forthwith return to London, and on the strength of that promise, and because in fact I knew not what else to do, I once more consented to travel with him. The horses heads were undoubtedly, this time at least, turned towards London. I saw by the mile-stones on the road

from

M 3

that

that we were actually going southward, and I hoped that Darnell, repenting of an exploit which must be fruitless and dangerous in the extreme, had determined to give it up. I spoke to him, as if I were in this persuasion, with less acrimony than I had ever done since the beginning of the expedition. He was sulky, however, and the natural malignity of his temper began to shew itself. I imputed it to his finding himself completely baffled, and to the gloomy half-stifled resentment of mortified pride. I was mistaken.

“About two miles before we got to the next stage southward from Skipton, on a wide and dreary moor, an old-fashioned postchaise, that seemed an ancient country apothecary’s visiting tub, compelled into a somewhat more active service, stood waiting in the road. Darnell gave a signal, which had, I suppose, been agreed upon between him and the boy who drove us, for he drew up close to this

his vehicle, and I was desired to get out of that I was in, and to enter it.

“Again I would have resisted, and again I found that resistance might subject me to insults, but would finally avail me nothing. I reproached Darnell with the perfidy and infamy of his conduct. He seemed now to have found an unusual degree of courage, and answered me with a surly sort of triumph. I implored him to tell me whither he was about to take me? he said, to people quite as good as I was—people of honour and character. I could give no other answer to his impertinence, than I should be very much surprised if I found it so, since it would be indeed extraordinary if people of honour and character were connected with a man, who was acting in absolute defiance to both. After travelling, as nearly as I could guess, sixteen or eighteen miles, and stopping once at a very forlorn looking house, which I have since thought belonged to one of Mr. Darnell’s tenants, for the people, as if through

fear, preserved a profound silence, the chase stopped before the old fashioned thick walls of a sort of court, surrounded, not rather which was before, an old mansion house of gloomy and gothic appearance. There were two great brick pillars, with heavy stone work over them, which time had eaten into excavations, and which chance and nature had sown with wall-flowers, valerian, rag-wort, and antithinum; within they were mantled with ivy, or lined with holly. Over the front of the house a vine was trained, which concealed some of the casements. I refused to get out, for the appearance of the place, which I did not then, as you may believe, so minutely investigate, frightened me. Again however I had no choice. I descended, and entered the house up several steps, and this I found was the place in Yorkshire Darnell had spoken of, and was the residence of his mother, and of an old aunt of her's, to whom the house belonged. I was shewn into a parlour, which I am persuaded had remained in the state it was

now in for some centuries. The tapestry with which one side was hung represented Judith with the head of Holofernes, a most terrific subject and most ghastly execution. The other two parts of the room were painted to imitate cedar. The curtain of an immense old window seemed once to have been green; mixed damask, but it retained very little of its original hue, and was now of a dingy yellow. The great chimney was all shining with brass, and there was a worked screen, and worked chairs, which the old lady's care had not been able to save from the depredations of the moths. You will wonder how I could have at that moment a mind sufficiently disengaged to attend to these minute remarks; but I had time enough to make them after my first disquiet subsided. That disquiet was not, you may imagine, inconsiderable; when I found myself in such a place, of which I had no doubt but that Darnell was absolute master. He left me as if to give the first impulses

of terror time to operate; but it had a contrary effect, and allowed me a respite, which I used in considering the means of escape, and resolving rather to hazard my life than long to remain in this man's power.

"After about half an hour, a coarse but clean female servant entered the room, and took from the corner of it an old Japan tea table, on which was arranged the best tea equipage. A small silver tea kettle and lamp next made their appearance, and in a few moments Mrs. Darnell, the buxom widow, as she still affected to be, entered, led by her son, who with wonderful assurance introduced me as the young lady who had done him the honour to have so favourable an opinion of him. She was a fat gentlewoman, almost as broad as she was high, with her hair or wig frizzled and powdered quite white, fine rosy cheeks hanging down on her surprising bust, which was ornamented with beads, and her son's picture suspended to them. She approached me

with

with the sort of air people have who feel the most perfect confidence in their own powers of pleasing, and would have kissed my cheek, but I liked her familiarity almost as little as her son's, and stepped back, 'You are in an error, Madam,' said I, 'that person whom you call your son, but whose name I hardly know, has deceived you, and I call upon you, as you are a woman, and I am willing to suppose a gentlewoman, to influence him that I may be restored to my mother.'

'Well,' cried the jolly dame, her great face appearing to enlarge as she spoke, 'Well, this does indeed, Miss, surpass all belief. Humph! Very strange surely! but I will not believe a young person like you, Miss, will stand in her own light so much—and besides, let me tell you, that after the step you have taken it is doing yourself a great injury, and you cannot suppose you will make your market elsewhere.' The woman then went on to give me a long history of her son's virtues, qualities, property, and expecta-

tions, putting great stress on the great *fortune* he would have, and the *gentle* line of life he was in, as well as on her own *gentle* connections, and the great business and consequence, and *gentility* of her son Brownjohn, who she said was *look'd upon* by people of the first *quality*, and dined very *often* with my Lord ~~and~~ and Sir Robert ~~and~~, and once had even passed two days at the country house of the Marquis of ~~and~~, she did not know what I might think, or what *sort* of people I had been used to in America, but she could *inform* me that few English young ladies of ever so great *fortune* look'd higher than to Captain Darnell; and seized the only occasion she allowed me to tell her, that to some of those who so looked, I begged she would advise him to recommend himself, for that he was utterly disagreeable to me, and if instead of being as he was, he could offer me a diadem, he would still be the object of my abhorrence and detestation. I am sure it was not without considerable efforts that

the

the sturdy widow checked the violent inclination she felt to strike me; for a moment she even lifted up a fist, the apparent prowess of which a butcher might have envied; and I saw that her son, who had probably felt what it was capable of, turned of a more cadaverous hue as she uttered words which I only recollect as being words of reproach and menace. It would be endless were I to relate the whole conversation; I thought, during its progress, I discovered that this woman acted from other motives than those which appeared on the surface; that she was aware her son had hazarded so much, that he must either go through with the undertaking or be liable to a punishment which might cost him a great deal of that fortune he now so proudly boasted of. After a most wearisome and long dialogue, which would with more propriety be called a monologue (for her son seldom was an interlocutor, and I spoke not) she told me, that though such conduct as mine might
well

well *disgust* and alarm any young man, and *fright* away love, yet since her poor Dicky had still the weakness to feel an unfortunate affliction for me, she should consider herself as my mother. The odd manner in which she put an a almost always in place of an o, and which I found was the dialect of the common people of a great part of Hampshire, where she had been brought up (not far from Portsmouth) had the effect, I hardly know why, of lessening my apprehensions, by rendering her menaces ridiculous. I thought it abject to fear so ignorant and vulgar a woman, not sufficiently considering that such only, and one who had besides a bad heart, would act as she acted; and that it is from ignorance combined with avarice and malevolence that there is always the most to apprehend.

“ I believe she was now irritated by discovering how little I feared her; for when she left the room, and told me she would send her housemaid to shew me to mine, she had the countenance and voice of a
fury,

fury, only that she was too plump for one of those monsters of poetical antiquity. The housemaid came, and I followed her up an oaken staircase of great width, which was kept nicely waxed and rubbed, so that it was like the fine mahogany of an indefatigable housewife, and it might have been skated upon with great success. The room I was shewn into was in the same style as the rest of the house. My imagination could people it with nothing but ghosts, but of them I had no fear; my apprehensions were much greater of Master Dicky Darnell, against whose intrusion I guarded with as much care as possible. There were two doors in the room where I was left to my contemplations; one from a passage by which I entered, the other I unbolted, and found it led into a closet which was lined with arras, while the room adjoining, where the bed stood, was of dark wainscot in little pannels, and ornamented only with two full length pictures of some former squire and his spouse, possessors of the mansion,

sion, he in blue velvet with skirts sticking out and a tie wig, his fair companion in a fine yellow robe, ornamented with jewels, and holding a very full blown red rose to her bosom; they were superb, and probably it was expected they would impress me with veneration; but the only sentiment they inspired was fearful curiosity to know if they did not conceal behind them any door or entrance to the room. I thought, after the best examination I could make, that they were merely what they appeared, monuments of impotent vanity; but in regard to the arras in the closet I was far less easy. It was nailed down so that I could not move it, nor could the wind perform any of those operations upon it which constitute great part of the terror in some novels I had read at Upwood, little imagining then that I should so soon become involved in adventures, and really be in one of those situations which I have sometimes thought, rather ingeniously imagined than really possible.

“ After

After going round and round it repeatedly without being thoroughly satisfied, I was compelled to have recourse to the only security within my reach, which were bolts within the chamber; they fastened both that door and the other apparently very securely. I examined behind and under my bed, and as to the windows I was sure nobody could get in that way, for I had discovered, in the slight survey I made, that it would be extremely difficult to get out; I did not, however, despair of effecting my escape. As through the vine leaves that almost covered the old casement I looked out to the sky and the stars, I recollected my mother's singular story, and particularly the time when she was a prisoner, a sick and suffering prisoner, in the Abbey of Kilbrodie. Her courage, her trust in heaven, did not fail her, said I, in that trying hour, and wherefore should I allow mine to sink under circumstances of less danger? Oh! my dearest, my adored mother, were I but sure
you

you do not at this moment endure great misery on my account; were I but sure your health has not suffered, I should feel myself strengthened and supported so as perhaps sooner to conquer this temporary tyranny from people so despicable that I cannot fear them. I found reflection, and the ardent hope I entertained of escaping composed my spirits. Ah! it is well that we know not the evils that menace us. Had I then known, that after I had twice escaped, after I had been restored to my father and to Delmont, this dear, dear mother would not be with us; that we should still deplore her absence yet be ignorant of her fate, I know not that it would have been possible for me to have made any struggle against the insolent oppression I underwent."

Medora, affected by what she had said, could not for a moment proceed. Recovering herself, however, she continued.

"I thought I might securely go to bed; and indeed I so greatly wanted repose that I know not if any thing but the certainty

certainty of being disturbed by the daring intrusion of Darnell could have given me strength to remain without some repose. I knew, however, that my slumber, if I could obtain it, would be such as it had been the preceding night, when the slightest noise was to me an *alerte*, so much were my fears awake; I therefore went to bed, and slept till sun-rise. The earliest rays of light entered my chamber through the vine leaves, and were hailed by an house-sparrow *, which had made its nest among them, and with its loud chirping, the monotony of the chaffinch and the robin, and the shrill short shriek of the swallow, announced the approach of day even before the sun was above the horizon. I found myself restored greatly when, after I had done what I could to supply the want of a more comfortable change of clothes, I sat down to consider once more of my situation, and felt the morning air blow

* This bird builds at all seasons, except the coldest months of winter.

sharp and fresh from the hills or wolds; high heathy lands which I saw beyond the house for some miles. My doubts now were whether I should be confined or no? of which I imagined the transactions of the day would be sufficient for me to judge. The scene soon opened by the entrance of Mrs. Darnell, who once more undertook to try her eloquence. She affected the sensible matron who knew the world, and retailed, like many other preachers, an infinite number of very wise and very true saws and sayings, to every one of which her whole life had probably, and certainly her present conduct, formed the most glaring contradiction. I forbore, however, to remark this, and even let her say what she would, contenting myself, when she seemed nearly to have exhausted her logical powers, with asking her, whether she really thought any thing could justify Mr. Darnell's conduct towards me? The woman still affected to believe that I had encouraged him; that I had even consented to elope with him; and

and I found my absolute and firm denial of it as vain as were the expressions of scorn and abhorrence, which certainly I did not spare, but I was not absolutely confined. The lady bade me walk with her in the garden, and I obeyed, glad of every opportunity to survey the place, from which I was determined to attempt my escape. The garden, however, was surrounded by a wall high and thick enough to have been designed for a defence at the time it was built, which was, I dare say, three centuries ago ; it seemed impossible ever to surmount, by any powers I could exert, so formidable a barrier, and I regarded it with that sickness of the soul which is truly said to be the consequence of disappointed hope.

“ Mrs. Darnell still took every occasion to exhort me to a due consideration of my own interest, and pleaded her son's passion with at least more warmth, though certainly with as little effect as he did himself. From the sight of the old lady, to whom the house belonged, I was concealed ;

cealed ; but I had an opportunity of seeing her as I passed by the door of her chamber, and beheld a melancholy example of extreme old age ;

“ Of second childishness and mere oblivion ;”

And I believe she was entirely ignorant of the whole transaction, in which, however, it is probable Mrs. Darnell had a share even from the first.

“ Three days had passed, the greatest part of which I had passed in the room where I slept ; for at no other time would Mrs. Darnell suffer me to be absent from her sight. They had no reason to flatter themselves that they had made any progress in their design, for my coldness and aversion would have appeared to increase, if to increase were possible ; I spoke in the plainest terms of my resolution never to change my mind in regard to Mr. Darnell ; and I believe they were very much at a loss how to proceed, yet saw that their retreat was not unattended with danger. In reconnoitring the garden, even at-

tended as I was, I had observed an old green house, which had long since been dedicated to no other purpose than keeping plants hung up for their seeds to dry, pots, mats, garden tools, and lumber, but there was a door opened in the back of it into a lane, as I saw by pushing against it at a moment when Mrs. Darnell was giving some directions to her gardener. I was almost sure that even if it was locked it was so much decayed that I could force it open. The difficulty was how to get into the garden unperceived, and at an hour when I should not be missed, and to accomplish this I bent my whole thoughts, making light of the hazards I might afterwards have to encounter in a country to which I was a stranger, and which appeared to be remarkably wild and desolate.

“The closet within my room, which had on the first night of my arrival been the subject of my dread, now I hoped offered the means of my escape, for I had discovered that the iron bars of the windows were

were a part of the casement, and not fastened to the stone work, and I believed I could force myself through it, and descend by the help of the vine, which covered also this side of the house, and was so old that the enwreathed branches seemed capable of supporting a greater weight than mine."

Delmont shuddered—"And had you," said he, "my Medora, courage to undertake this perilous experiment?"

"It was not so great an effort of courage, Delmont," replied she. "How often have I heard of greater hazards incurred by girls to fly from their parents; I thought, I hoped, that I was hastening to mine, and hastening too," added she, "from a man I detested to one who had all my love, all my confidence, and with whom I was sure of finding happiness."

To put an end to the acknowledgments Delmont began to make for so sweet and voluntary a declaration of her affection, Medora hastened to proceed with her narrative.

"I knew

"I knew this way was the only one by which my getting out of the house was possible, for I had tried the maid, and had been repulsed; I had learned too that all the doors were locked every night, and the keys carried to Mrs. Darnell; and there was an house dog in the yard, which she assured me would tear to pieces any stranger who should venture about the buildings of a night. This dog was my principal dread; but of my confinement I saw no end, and it was absolutely necessary for me to hazard something; I perceived that the hope of this woman and son was, that, in proportion as my absence from my mother and abode with them was procrastinated, I should consider my marriage inevitable, and be induced to consent to it. While I, alas! thought that my mother's not hearing from me might occasion to her illness or death.— On the third day of my most unwilling residence, however, an opportunity offered, which I seized, to write to you. A travelling Scotchman came to the house:

Mrs. Darnell, always eager after dress and fashions, ordered him in, and her son insisted on presenting us with muslins and ribbons. I positively refused to accept any thing, but left the room, and snatched up a pen, with which I wrote the few words you have told me you received at Upwood. I did not till then know the house I was in was in Yorkshire, and the name, whether Dartnell or Darnell, I was yet less perfect in, because I always suspected it was not really the name borne by the man, or at least not by his mother, who had had several husbands ; but I wrote in such haste and dread that I knew not what were the words I put on the paper, which having with trembling hands sealed and directed, I ran down again to the pedlar, and for almost the first time in my life uttered a sentence meditated to deceive. I told Mrs. Darnell that I should be extremely glad to purchase some linen and a gown, as nothing could be so distressing as my present want of clothes. The foolish woman, with whom
the

the fineries of dress were of the utmost importance, believed me. I chattered with the man, though by no means well informed of the price I ought to have given; while she, pleased in believing I began to be reconciled to my destiny, beckoned her son out to tell him how he should manage the little gallantry of presenting me with these things. This was beyond my hopes; I hastily gave my letter to the man, entreated him to put it into the post, and assured him, that on applying to my mother, whose address I gave him, he should be handsomely rewarded. I told him I had no money to make any purchases, and would not accept them from the person who lived there; but I begged he would accept for his trouble the half guinea I gave him. The man seemed willing to oblige me; and on the almost instantaneous return of my persecutors, I excused myself as well as I could from my intended bargains, and retired; trusting that the pedlar

would not betray me, and knowing my situation could not be materially worse if he did.

“ Mrs. Darnell and her son were both in very good humour at supper; they hardly doubted now of their final success, and seemed already to be allied to, and to possess the fortune of the coheirs of M. De Verdon, for so this sapient Mr. Darnell had heard from Brownjohn that your poor Medora certainly was; and it was Brownjohn who, in consequence of that persuasion, had contrived with his brother the honourable exploit he now thought he should most undoubtedly execute so happily.

“ It was in the exultation of his heart, enlivened and elevated too by a considerable quantity of strong beer, that during supper he betrayed to me these particulars. I suffered him to prate and parade of his schemes and projects; and as I never checked his impertinence so little, he seemed at last disposed to carry it farther,

and began to leer at me in a most disagreeable way, and to recal some of his scraps of plays; but afraid his mother would leave us, I quitted the room so hastily that he had no power to prevent me, and disregarding his entreaties as he followed me half way up stairs, I locked the door of my room, and he was compelled to repeat to "the silent moon his enamoured lay," which I heard him do for some time at the stair-case window to my very great annoyance; and still more was I disquieted by his folly when he came to my door, and quoted from I know not what plays an infinite deal of nonsense, in a tone which he probably thought very theatrical. I collected, however, from his mumbling lower and lower, and speaking more and more inarticulately, that the effects of what he had drank would soon prevent his continuing to molest me. His mother, apprehensive that he might lose the ground she imagined he had gained in my

favour, came up, and in a whisper persuaded him to retire. The whole house soon became quiet, and I prepared with a beating heart for my evasion.

“The moon, only in its first quarter, was fading away. I ventured to open the closet window. The wind had risen, menacing a storm, and I saw the branches of some great walnut-trees, which were in a close adjoining to the garden, bend and sway with violence before it. This was in my favour; for the rattling of the old doors and windows, and the fluttering of leaves, would prevent any noise I might make from being attended to. I adjusted my clothes as well as I could, put my night linen and cloak into my pockets, and tied my hat under my chin, and then with all the resolution the urgency of the case required, I mounted on the window seat, and began to try to descend, finding a footing on the vine branches, which befriended me more than I had dared to hope.

e. I held by some while I stepped
others; once one of them loosened
n the wall, and I had very nearly
en; but I leaped down, and found
self on my feet on the ground, with
other hurt than some scratches on
arms from the nails and rough-
s of the wall, which was not so
h as my fears had represented it. I
not a moment now in hastening
y, yet trembling so much for fear
the dog that I could hardly move.
eard no noise, however, and hurried,
athless and looking behind me at
ry step, towards the old green house.
was immediately before the windows
the back front of the house; yet I
sted that none would at that hour be
the watch. My heart now fluttered
t either of the doors of the greenhouse
uld be fastened; and when I tried
first, the excess of my fear prevented
some time from opening it, but
was not locked; and I entered the
enhouse, which was almost entirely

dark, I stopped to recollect on which side was the door opening to the lane that I had perceived the day before. Oh! there is no conveying an idea how my foolish heart beat, when, as I stood in this old gloomy place, I heard the rustling of the dried pot herbs, and at length something move among them, and softly, softly, step among the matting; it was the garden cat; she came closer, purring and caressing me, and I never remember a sensation more welcome than the certainty that my fears had at that moment been excited only by this inoffensive animal. I now acquired composure enough to find the door; it was fastened, and dread again seized me. I felt about for the bolts, and found them, but could draw only one of them. All my efforts were fruitless with the other, though I applied my whole strength, and I then gave myself up for lost—for a moment I was under the necessity of leaning against the wall to recover my breath, and consider to what expedient I could have recourse. I thought

thought a stone or an iron tool might assist me, and began, though in almost perfect darkness, to search for one, and fortunately I found in the window, to which the little light without doors guided me, a piece of a broken iron rake. I returned then with better hope to the inexorable bolt, and at length it gave way before my perseverance. The door was open, and I was in the lane.

“ I was again compelled to stop to recover my breath. I looked round me, undetermined which way to go ; and indeed I had not yet considered whither to bend my steps if I succeeded in escaping from my prison, the prospect of getting out alone filling my whole mind.

“ My situation was still most distressing—I was alone, unprotected, and a stranger—I had not the least idea which direction it would be safe to take to lead me *from* my pursuers, and *to* some place from whence I might find a conveyance to London. But it is, perhaps, only those who have felt themselves in the

power of people they at once dread and despise, who can judge how much less wretched any situation appeared than it would have been to have remained in the house I had left. I was, I hoped, free from that odious Darnell, and every other evil seemed light.

"Fortunately I took the way, though by mere chance, that led to a common, and in about half an hour I reached a more sandy and beaten tract, which would, I thought, if I followed it, conduct me to a village or a town. I went on near a mile, and approached the entrance of another lane, but I then found it necessary to sit down, for I feared that if I fatigued myself too much, I should be overtaken by the morning light before I could reach any place that might be an asylum against pursuit. It was better to manage my strength, and not to exhaust it all at once.

"I rested myself, therefore, in a sort of hollow way worn by heavy carriages at the entrance of this lane, and listened to the dull

full night noises, congratulating myself that all was so quiet; for only the bells of a few sheep that fed on the common, and at a great distance the sound of a water-mill, and now and then the barking of a village watch dog, came in the pauses of the wind, which had now much abated of its violence; but judge, my dear friend, of my apprehension and astonishment, when all at once I heard, and as I thought immediately near me, the yell of human voices, of men and women, either in riotous frolic or drunken contention; some laughed, some hooted, others sang or swore, and two or three were quarrelling and uttering words of abuse and menace. I cannot describe what I felt at that moment; I cannot recal it without shuddering. The noise seemed, I thought, approaching me. Oh! yes, there was no doubt but that it came nearer and nearer, and now it was so near that I could distinguish oaths, curses, and threats. How my heart sickened at the dread of falling into such hands! What or who

could they be? and was it of me they were in pursuit?—Away fled all the fortitude I fancied I had collected and could exert! Terror absolutely deprived me of my breath. These people, for I heard the voices of women among them, were either villagers sent in pursuit of me by Darnell, or they were night ruffians, vagabonds, gipsies, or some such associated marauders; and the very idea of being in the power of such persons was more terrific than that of even Darnell himself, for of him my contempt abated my apprehension.

I sat still, however, because I had no power to move, and thought that it was impossible I could escape from this party, of whatsoever persons it was composed; but fortunately they took the way above the excavation of sand-rock where I sat, and I crept closer within its crumbling hollows, as I heard them walking immediately above my head. They passed; I listened, and their voices became fainter and fainter, yet I continued to hear them,

them, and I now dared not move from the place where I was, for still at intervals came the voices that so alarmed me; and therefore I fancied I could not move without rushing into perils that my very soul recoiled but to think of.

In one of the longest intervals of silence I crept up the bank, and looked over it around the heath; then I heard the sounds of terror more distinctly, and looking towards the side where they seemed to come from, I perceived a barn, which I concluded was the rendezvous of some nightly depredators (either robbers or gipsies, or both) for smoke issued from it, as I could now plainly distinguish, and the wind came loaded with loud noises of singing, hallowing, and quarrelling. The morning was just dawning—I dreaded least issuing from their den any of these ruffians should discover me where I was; I dreaded, least on the other hand, the persons who would undoubtedly be employed by Darnell should overtake me as soon as I was missed, whether I staid in

or

or left this place of concealment. The light, however, rapidly advanced. The song of the larks, to which I had so often delighted to listen, now on this wide plain, as it announced the appearance of the sun above our horizon, seemed to tell me only of danger and horror, while the probability of discovery appeared greater than ever. The noise, however, of the men, gradually sunk away, and I hoped that, like other animals of prey, those which had occasioned to me so much terror were retired to their rest for the day.

“ Yet how pass the lane into which the road led almost close to the barn? how return, to meet directly those whom I had fled from?—Every moment that I debated, the danger became more pressing. It was absolutely necessary to determine on something. Oh! Delmont, how did my heart then swell with painful recollections of my mother and of you, mingling with self pity as I said, ‘ Most beloved of mothers, and you, my dear Delmont, how little do you know the desolate,

desolate, the perilous state of your Medora.' Several ploughed fields, and others of grass, adjoined the common. I was in hopes that farmers servants might appear, to whom I could apply; yet even from them I might dread the ill office of being betrayed to the Darnells. At length I heard a village clock at some distance strike seven. It was an hour at which I knew I should be missed; and even while I hesitated, the persons sent by Darnell might perhaps be approaching. I arose therefore, and perceiving that in the lane was certainly the most beaten tract, I hurried along it, looking fearfully towards the barn, from whence I expected to see some of those ruffians appear, whose discordant and hideous voices had so much alarmed me. I passed for about three hundred yards unmolested; at length, at an abrupt turning of the lane, I rushed immediately on a place where two women were boiling something in a kettle, and under a sort of tent, composed of a piece of rug suspended

pended on two poles, a man, a most terrific figure, and a boy, lay apparently half asleep. One of the women exclaimed on seeing me, (for I was within a few paces of them) 'Hey day! what have we here?'—The other gave a sort of shout, which roused the man, who started up, and rubbing his eyes, asked, in a gruff voice, what was the matter. You may imagine that instinctively I hurried on, though well aware that no speed I could make would relieve me from the consequences of these people's pursuit, if to pursue me was their purpose.

"The boy, who appeared about fifteen, and two other bare-footed children, instantly overtook me, and began to beg. I knew not whether it was safest to stop and satisfy their demands or to proceed. I looked back, the man was hastening after me, and, I could perceive, gave a sign to the boy to detain me, for he held me by my gown, clamorously demanding my charity. Heaven only knows what would have become of me; but at that moment

moment a small tilted cart appeared, coming along rather fast, in the same direction. Disengaging myself, I know not how, from my pursuers, I darted towards it, and shrieking rather than speaking, implored the driver, who sat on a little seat before, to receive and protect me. The gipsy man whom I had so much dreaded, now retreated with evident marks of ferocious disappointment, while the driver, who had stopped his horses, said, in answer to my entreaties—
‘Why, Miss, I’d take you in with all my heart, but we be but a baddish sort of a party. I’ve got a sick woman and her children in this here cart. They’ve become chargeable, and not belonging to our parish, the overseers have got an order to move them to Skipton. They says ’tis a sort of a catching fever; and sure enough the poor souls are desperate ill.’ ‘Oh never, never mind,’ cried I, ‘what it is; do but allow me to get into your cart, and I will make it worth your while.’

while.' The man was not unwilling to oblige me, and got down to help me in.

"I never had seen poverty and misery till this moment; I never had an idea of the degree of wretchedness which the laws of England permit a set of men called parish officers to inflict upon the poor. I will not shock you, my dear friend, with a description of the wretched state of these poor creatures, a woman and three helpless children—Of their disease I could not know much, but it seemed to me to arise from poverty and want of necessary food. The little assistance I could give them on our melancholy way was but their due; for how dreadful was the peril from which their chancing to pass had saved me!—I arrived once more at Skipton, and returned to the inn, from whence I had gone with the wretch Darnell, on his promise to restore me to my mother."

The entrance of Glenmorris now occasioned an interruption; and Delmont seeing

seeing Medora much affected at his melancholy looks (which too truly told that he had heard nothing of her mother) he would not suffer her to continue her narrative till the following day, when Glenmorris again going out on the same anxious enquiry, Delmont listened with eagerness to its continuance.

C H A P. XI.

Speranza mia cara non ti ho perdúto, vedrà
 il t'uo fembiante, i tuoi abiti, la tuá ómbra; ti
 amero, telo dirò a te stesso. Quali sono i tormenti
 a cui una tal felicità non ripari?

“As I was now,” said Medora, “in
 the house of a person who had
 before shewn every disposition to protect
 me, and who now was willing to promote
 my safe return to London by a convey-
 ance she pointed out, I endeavoured to
 calm my spirits, and to recover the ter-
 ror and fatigue I had undergone, before
 I began my journey, which it was deter-
 mined I should do by a coach, on the
 driver of which Mrs. Tarbat said she
 could rely, and which was to set out at
 eleven o'clock the next night from her
 house, coming from a more northern
 town to London; I therefore obtain-
 ed some repose during that night, and
 the

the next day, on the evening of which I was to depart, I employed myself in writing a narrative of what had happened to me since I was cheated into quitting the hotel, and I anticipated the satisfaction it would give to my mother and to you, my dear friend, when you found that I had exerted in some degree, and as I hoped successfully, fortitude which did not discredit her instructions and your confidence.

“In this occupation, which I found tranquillised my mind, I employed myself till towards evening, then having occasion for some more writing materials, and no one answering my bell, I ventured along an open gallery, which was carried round in the inn yard, to call a servant, when casting my eyes towards the bar windows, which were open, and opposite the place where I stood, I saw a gentleman who struck me as being so like you, Delmont, that my astonishment, mingled with doubt, with hope, and fear, hardly left
me

me the power of moving. I looked steadily at the person; his back was towards me; but he moved a few paces, and his air, his walk, were surely your's. At that moment one of the housemaids passed me; I eagerly enquired of her if she knew who that gentleman was?—'Oh! yes Miss,' answered the girl, 'It is one Squire Delmont, as his servants have been a telling below; he's come out of Ireland, and is a going up to London. He only stops a bit here.' This was enough for me to hear—I considered no farther—To me there was only one Delmont in the world—I ran down stairs, and exclaiming, Delmont, my dear, dear friend! I took the arm of him whom I believed to be that dear friend with the familiarity my mother's approbation had authorised; with all the trembling earnestness so naturally inspired by the delight of seeing you again, and of knowing with what joy you would afford me that protection which would end my perils and my fears. Ah! judge then how severe

vere was my mortification, and how cruel my disappointment, when I found my mistake; when vainly apologizing for it, I was treated as an abandoned wanton, and pursued with insolent professions, such as I never listened to or heard before, and such as by a gentleman could be offered only to one whom he considered as a prostitute."

Delmont, at this passage of Medora's narrative, started up, traversed the room with hasty step, and seemed to make every effort to conquer at least the appearance of the passionate indignation this account of his brother's behaviour had raised in his bosom. Medora, frightened at his emotion, repented that she had used such strong terms, and resolved to pass over as slightly as she could what remained to be told of Major Delmont; yet it was impossible altogether to disguise, and indeed difficult to palliate the circumstances which had driven her away from the inn, and compelled her to assume

assume a disguise in order to escape from this new pursuer.

"You should recollect," said she, "soon as Delmont became once more calm enough to listen to her, "you should recollect that your brother knew nothing of me, or that if he had ever heard me mentioned, it was probably in a way very much to my disadvantage. In short, my dear Delmont, there are perhaps excuses to be offered for his conduct, which do not, which are not likely indeed to occur to me, and which, among men, may greatly serve to alter that sort of proceeding, which, at the moment it occurred impressed me with fear. I own I did hope when I explained, or attempted to explain who I was, that I should have found protection from your brother; but I know not why, unless because he had received some false impressions from Mrs. Crewkerne as to my mother and myself, he seemed to disbelieve, and to turn into ridicule all I said, and

and in a word, for I hate the subject, I was so much terrified, perhaps more so than the occasion called for, by his manner, that I considered my intention of going to London that night as impossible to be executed, unless at the hazard of subjecting myself to treatment and persecution I was not able to think of without greater terror than any former circumstances had impressed upon me. This indeed, Delmont, I do not wholly impute to your brother ; his manner might seem to convey more than he intended. I had never seen a man of the world before, and what shocked me as unwarrantable freedom, might be nothing but airs which such men assume without much meaning."

"Do not attempt to palliate his conduct, Medora," cried Delmont ; "there is no palliation, no excuse ; it was cruel, it was unmanly ; it cannot, no by heavens ! it cannot be forgiven."

"You will compel me, however," said Medora, "to falsify or stifle the rest of
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what I have to say. Your violence my dear friends, to unlike yourself, is almost as painful to me as were your brother's humiliating freedoms.

Go on, my dearest love, and I will repress my feelings; go on, cried Delmont.

I was very probably wrong in raining determining to fly. Impute it, if you will, to my placed timidity, increased perhaps by the recollection of scenes in the few novels and romances my mother had given me to read, in which men of such a description are represented as carrying off daniels, and involving them in very disagreeable adventures. However that might be, whether my fears were well or ill founded, I felt them to be such as rendered my staying where I was, or attempting to return alone in the stage to London, impossible; I therefore resolved, and perhaps with the usual rashness of fear, to escape from the inn, where I began to have doubts of every body, and

and particularly of the landlady, whose countenance towards me I thought was greatly changed. To set out as I was, however, in handsome but dirty clothes, would, I thought, subject me to new insults, and I supposed it an admirable expedient to change habiliments with one of the chambermaids. Such a bargain was not difficult to make, the advantage being greatly on her side in point of value, while I was much gratified by having a change of clean though coarser linen; and when I saw myself so equipped, I hoped that I might pass unremarked and unmolested along the road, and by some of those conveyances to which inferior servants, and persons in humble life, have recourse, obtain my passage to London. I thought the very little money I had left might serve as earnest; and that when I got thither I could somehow or other make up the deficiency.

With this project in my head, and in

my new dress, I walked, as soon as it was dark, out of the garden door of the inn, and crossing two or three fields found myself at the extremity of the town on the side which I knew was the road to London. I passed several people who took no notice of me; yet every time I saw any body advancing along the road my heart sunk within me, and it was still worse when I heard horse or foot passengers coming from the town, for then I concluded I was pursued. Where the road was wide enough I crept out of the path, and moved as near the hedge as I could. As night advanced, however, passengers of any kind became less frequent, and soon I seemed almost the only being in the wide extent of country around me, thus wandering without a shelter and without protection.

“The gipsy party from whom I considered myself as having so narrowly escaped before, was now remembered as a chief object of terror. If I should again,

at this lone hour, encounter such another troop! Oh! how anxiously did I desire to hear the distant bells of a waggon! I listened; but through the stillness of the night no such welcome notice reached me. I walked till I was so weary I could go no farther, and then perceiving, for the night was fine and clear, a field of wheat, part of which was uncut, I got over the stile, and making a sort of bed and pillow of the sheaves, which were dry and warm, while the corn yet standing served, I hoped, as a concealment, I wrapt my scarlet cloak around me, which, as well as a linen shawl, was part of my purchase; and then I laid me down, and recommending myself to the protection of God, fell asleep, and for two or three hours my fears and fatigues were suspended.

“When I awoke the stars were fading before the sun, and I was completely roused, by hearing very near me several voices, which I concluded to be those of the harvest people returning to their talks. Unwilling to be found trespass-

ing, I put a few ears of wheat in my pocket, to supply in a small degree the want of a breakfast, and stealing from my friendly concealment, continued along what I supposed to be the high road to London. I was not, however, mindful of the hazard I ran of being overtaken by Major Delmont, or even by Darnall; yet the latter I thought would hardly know me. My greatest dread was of my brother, and I endeavoured to escape from it, by taking the path through fields that bounded the road, wherever I supposed mine could be found; it was a satisfaction to me to find that several peasants I met, taking me for what I apprehended to be, gave me the simple salutation of the morning: 'Good day, pretty wench,' said the honest Yorkshire labourer, and passed on. Had they known the sickness of heart, the weariness I felt, and am persuaded, however, that they would have acted like the good Samaritans, and that their cottages would have been open to me. I met many little parties going

to their harvest work; others to glean, where the work was completed. One of these groups, a woman and her two children, were passing the way I was; I felt a sort of protection in their company, and exerted myself to keep up with them. The woman inquired whether I was travelling, and from whence I came? I answered, from a service in the north, back to my mother, in a country on the other side of London. I told my story very fully. I believe, however, it was very short, and my casual companion did not detect its falsity. I added, that I was in hopes of getting a conveyance part of the way in a waggon, and she then informed me, that I was out of the high road (I had probably taken the wrong during my night walk) but that by crossing a few fields, and a copse, which she offered to show me, I should get into a road that went to London, only, not through the same towns; and that a waggon, driven by a very honest man, guided by a stout dog, was very willingly and readily accept-

either offer to show me the way to the road, which the old man was considerably nearer than my going back again to that from Skipton, and reached about one o'clock the hill, where my conductor assured me, that if I waited I should certainly see a waggon pass. In half the told me, the finest ring of bells of any team in all that country, and I could not fail to hear it at a great distance. She left me to continue her way, and I sat me down by the way side.

But I soon found myself a great deal too public, and a horseman passed, who seemed to be one of those men I had been shewn, called London riders; he stopped, looked earnestly at me, and said something of which I only heard enough to know it was extremely rude. He seemed disposed to get off his horse; but I sprang over a ditch and stile, among brushwood and forze a little farther on, with such celerity that he lost sight of me; for I plunged instantly into a copse which clothed the steep hill, and I heard

London

20

him

endeavour, but in vain to force his
 feet on, but failing, he uttered a faint
 cry, and I heard him ride away. Alas!
 dear Belmont, how dependently did
 we go, Medora, think, at that mo-
 ment of our destiny; she seemed doom'd
 to endure every species of insult, every
 insulted insolence, and anxiety in their
 disgrace, and appeal to the faint
 from a faint relief, helped to the
 faint relief, when I felt, when making
 way farther down the copse, I observ'd
 the range completely dissolved. I at
 length saw the ground, and con-
 sidering the small the yield to my de-
 sir; I must die here. Oh! my mother
 I have for you more than lost, denied
 her to show my tenderness, my great
 life, but the dear life, the best of pas-
 sions; and my father is nothing but a
 great, the consolation of weeping with
 a for your poor girl, Belmont, may
 help the consolation, yet, and yet, a
 great will himself want consolation, in
 his, his and his, that can be
 d O 5 bined

binet to oppress me. The more immediate fears, which before had given energy to my spirits, were suspended, and I thought at this moment that I could die rather than make any farther exertion.

The day was extremely hot; it could not yet be more than two o'clock, and I thought that if I did find courage to exit till four, when the waggon was to pass over the hill, it must be where the sun had less power than in the lately cut underwood where I had stopped. The hanger below me looked thick and inviting, I descended among the roots and brown wood, and was refreshed even to hear the murmuring of water. Going still lower, I came to a clear and rapid brook that wandered through the wood, and sometimes spread itself into a small pool, then filtered away through ledges, alders, and willows, till it gashed out again, and from the higher ground, and fell on a gravelly hollow, where it seemed to invite the thirsty and weary pilgrim to partake

of its pellucid water. No human foot seemed to have violated its wild banks; they appeared to be the unmolested abode of innumerable birds. Here then, said I, I may rest, for here is no path, and cruel man has not yet polluted this quiet solitude. To me, who had not swallowed any thing since the preceding evening but a few grains of wheat, the water was most tempting. I had been sketching some trees when I was alone in the London hotel, and the sketch being worth nothing, I had folded the piece of strong drawing paper, and put it into my pocket; with a little contrivance it now made a cup, not very lasting indeed, but serving to convey the water, which was most refreshing, to my parched mouth. I immersed my hands in the current, and not having been educated with those fears of wetting my feet which are so general in England, I bathed them also in this friendly stream, and dried them with my handkerchief. The relief, the refreshment I thus obtained is inconceivable;

able! I felt my strength renewed, my spirits return, and I felt yet some taste of this delicious root, and for much I am vic-
tims of accident and of physical infir-
mities, that I was now ashamed of that feebleness of mind, which I had but half an hour before yielded to as inevitable. I had regained courage to consider that it would be folly to lose the only oppor-
tunity I might have of being carried for-
ward by the waggon the stomach had
named; I therefore, though reluctantly,
was about to leave my friendly shelter
and refreshing rug, to where the distant
hills of the barrens were rising in the wind.
I was now afraid of arriving on the sum-
mit of the hill too late, but when I
attained it, I looked down the incline and
distinguished the waggon, at what I
thought, and I believe it was, a mile off,
slowly, slowly, dragging its ponderous
weight along as yet it seemed a sign of
security to me that it was so near—and
I sat down as much out of sight as I could
to await its arrival. the end of the world

ym^r. The interview was sufficiently long to
 give me time to reflect on all the hazards
 of my situation, and in one of these waggons,
 little axill, had travelled in England; I
 had often observed soldiers, sailors, and
 persons of all descriptions in such vehicles;
 I might be obliged to start from the
 indignation of the soldiers, and in short, before
 the man who drove it came up and spoke
 to me, I had contrived to transfer the same
 thing an object of rage, which had a little
 before been that of my parent: but, nevertheless,
 the man spoke kindly to me,
 and by decent looking I was the
 only passenger, and I consented to get in.
 As we went, this person entered into
 conversation with me; I told her as much
 of my history as I thought might interest
 her in my journey. She advised me by
 all means to go with her, boasted much
 of her place, and said me she was sure I
 might stay there as long as I pleased, and
 till I could hear from my friends; that
 the lady who had ordered her was a very
 good lady, and Sir Harry Richmond,
 and whose

whole family she managed, one of the most generous gentlemen in all the country. She then endeavoured to represent the danger of travelling in a waggon. Our present conduct, she said, would go no farther than the next market town, and then there would be all sort of folks. In a word, I thought she could have no motive but a real wish to serve me. I considered that I could write from the place whither she invited me to go, and should not fail in a few days to hear from my mother or Lydia, or one of you, perhaps both, might hasten to your long lost Meddara, and restore that at once to happiness. I had indeed been flattered with these hopes, and trusting to the good faith of the woman, she could, I thought, have no interest in deceiving me, I consented to go with her. Depressed by excessive fatigue, by want of nourishment, and by the strange situation in which I found myself, I was glad to take the asylum that was offered me immediately on my arrival, in a very neat servant's

servant's noodles, where, in my kind of distress, I came to me, brought me to me, and told me she had mentioned me to Mrs. Crowling, who had sent her to let me know that I should be welcome to stay there as long as I pleased; and that she desired I would take care of myself and for any thing I liked to have and try to get some rest after my fatigue. I had been used to the hospitality of America, where the stranger, of whatever nation or persuasion, is received with the simplicity of patriarchal kindness; and though I had objected nothing that at all resembled it in London (the only place where we had been in England that we did not consider our home) yet I believed, at so great a distance from the metropolis, might be found such generous welcome as in America I had been accustomed to see. The idea was, comforting, and of the strongest tranquillity. It promised me I should not leave myself till I had written to Upwood; which I did before I lay down to sleep, and in a very pleasant manner. The servant's

The letter, however, you never received; undoubtedly it was suppressed.

"Having, as I supposed, dispatched to my mother and to you such information as I believed would bring you immediately to me, and put an end to our mutual solicitude, and imagining myself in a place of safety, I reasoned myself out of that irritable state, which long anxiety and a succession of dread (and of danger) had brought me into, and for the first time, since the hour of my quitting the hotel, I obtained many hours of undisturbed repose, and awoke to feel even more the delicious illusion of hope. Alas! it was but illusion; but for some few days it amused a mind which would otherwise have sunk under such long protracted sufferings.

"As soon as my supposed friend Sarah informed Mrs. Crowley that I was up and dressed, that fine lady took the trouble to come to me. I never saw a more disgusting affliction of the madness of a gentleman than this woman displayed.

displayed. She had been, I believe, what is called handsome; two great fall black eyes staring out of their sockets, and a snowy but coarse complexion, had in her youth made amends for an unpleasant expression of countenance; she was tall and consistent, and had a something of a daring and masculine air both in her walk and manner, which there is no describing. She looked at me while I was speaking to her, as if she was to make a memorandum of my features; and I shrink from her big round eyes in uneasiness, and even in some degree of terror; yet she spoke soothingly to me, and seemed trying to engage me in an account of my name, and all the circumstances that had happened; in fact, by her artful questions she obtained more than I meant to have told her, but my name I resolutely, as I fancied, concealed. She knew, however, that I was not what my appearance, as well as my first account of myself, had indicated, and in stead of treating me like a servant, she desired

desired me to consider myself as her visitor, insisted on my accepting better clothes, and so oppressed me with kindness, that nothing but my ignorance of the existence of such characters as hers would have prevented my seeing that she was over-acting her part. I did not know that I declined, however, everything she offered me from her wardrobe, that might alter my appearance above the upper classes of the rank I had assumed, and in which I wished to continue (only being I suffered it to remain in my own room) rather than to be dressed and considered as her visitor, which I thought would expose me to remarks and inquiries that I was on every account desirous to avoid. I was supplied therefore with cleanliness a plain grey cotton gown, and a straw hat tied with a brown ribbon, which was the plainest dress I could select among many she offered me for my choice, and which, except that the gown was too big, did tolerably well, and begged of her to give me some work, and allow me to sit in

in the room I slept in, adding, that it
 should not be many days before I should
 hear from my friends, & who would, I
 knew, help me to acknowledge the kind-
 ness I thus received. I should do, she
 said, as I pleased; if it amused me, she
 would send some muslin, or any other
 slight work, & desired, on her staying in
 my own room, I was extremely at liberty,
 only she desired, as I was quite alone, I
 should do her the favour of dining with
 her. This I could not refuse, & the next
 day of my abode (for on the first I
 did not take my bed & chamber) and I
 found her alone, waiting for me to par-
 take of a dinner which I was sur-
 prised to see in the house of a steward,
 for it was sent up with a degree of ob-
 ligance which is not often seen in middling
 life, and richly studded with gold & silver,
 & spiced with poultry, & excellent stews.
 Mrs. Crowling, who sat still at table,
 took occasion to speak of the large for-
 tune and great generosity of Sir Harry
 Richmond, who was, she said, one of
 the

the best men in the world. — 'dear Mr. Crowling,' said she, in a of canting tone, which almost tempted me to smile, 'My dear Mr. Crowling is Sir Harry's bosom friend, and I live more like brothers than patron servant. Oh! he is an excellent man. No man knows better how to enjoy fine fortune than Sir Harry; and yet does abundance of good — vastly charitable — all the poor, I assure you, hereabouts are supported by him; and then he is most exceedingly clever; it is delightful to hear him talk, he has so much wit, he makes one ready to die a laughing at his wit. He is vastly approved of, I assure you, by certain great people; they say they never laugh so much as when Sir Harry is of the party — he has his funny way, and says such a number of comical things; and as he is always chairman at our quarter sessions, he makes fine sport upon the bench, and it is the drollest thing in the world to hear him hoax any of the rest of them that pretend for to be in opposition, and back

the witnesses whenever he can, and put the counsellors themselves quite out of countenance. I know not how long this description would have lasted, which was, however, far from giving me a sublime idea of the person for whom the eulogium was intended; but I had at that moment the glimpse of some man, passing the windows of the room where we sat, and Mrs. Crowling, affecting surprise, said, "Dear me! if here is not Sir Harry himself. Lord, I declare, I did not know he was returned to Ardley Forest. Dear! oh! here he comes." The door opened, and Sir Harry appeared. He made a bow that might have passed rather for a familiar nod. "Servant, servant, Mrs. Crowling; how do you all do?" "Oh! law, Sir Harry, I did not know you was come home, Sir Harry. Hope you're quite well, Sir Harry." I cannot repeat the dialogue. Imagine a sort of quaint condescension on one part, and the most abject fawning on the other. I saw the man look now and then at me in a very odd

odd manner, I felt very uneasy, and though Mrs. Crowling almost insisted, and Sir Harry took my hand and entreated me to stay, I seized the first moment it was possible to escape to my own room. Alas! this interview had been settled between them, and was intended only to give Sir Harry a sight of your poor Medora. The woman was a wretch he employed for the most infamous purposes. I knew not that there were such women in the world; yet I extremely disliked both her and this Sir Harry, and determined, on whatever else, to leave the place. I have since learned that the dairy woman, whom I thought so much my friend, was herself a creature employed by Mrs. Crowling, and that her being hired as a servant was a mere pretence, for that she had been sent beyond Newcastle to inveigle away the wife of a miller, whose extraordinary beauty had in one of his northern tours attracted Sir Harry; but he had conducted himself with so little prudence that the miller had given him a severe

a severe beating, which, though he dared not complain of it, added another bad passion, that of revenge, to those he had felt before, and Sarah, whom he had long employed as a deputy to Mrs. Growling, had been dispatched to try some of those artifices which had often succeeded before, but which had now failed completely; so that having met your luckless Medora on the road, and knowing that youth, and a person only not ugly, I were always approved of by Sir Harry as long as they had the recommendation of novelty, she had engaged me to go with her."

"I tremble," exclaimed Delmont, "when I think, my dear love, that you were among such people. How was it possible you could, by any fortitude, any exertion of your own, escape from them?"

"It would, indeed, have been difficult," replied Medora: "for the moment (which happened the next day after that

I have

I have been (speaking of) that I understood from Sir Harry's behaviour into what hands I had fallen, I rejected his insolent offers with the scorn and abhorrence they deserved, and resuming my former humble dress, declared plainly my resolution to leave the place, and menaced the wretch and his agent with the vengeance of my family, if they presumed to make the least attempt to detain me. Alas! Delmont, while I thus put on the semblance of courage, my heart sunk within me; and I said to myself, 'Unhappy girl! where are the friends of whose protection you boast? From your father an immense ocean divides you; Delmont is perhaps still in Ireland; Armitage seems to have forgotten the trust he undertook; and for your mother, your dear and tender mother, who knows whether she has not sunk under the troubles she before had to contend with, aggravated by the loss of her daughter!'

"The high tone I assumed seemed to be a matter of amusement to that detest-

able

able Sir Harry; it had, however, one
 very ill effect; I was watched; and though
 for the four days I staid I was not actu-
 ally confined, yet Mrs. Crowling assured
 much plain terms, that I should be shut
 up till I made any attempt to escape; and
 she had the audacity to add, that she
 would care of me till I could be returned
 safe to my friends, for she had no doubt,
 notwithstanding the prudent Mrs. Crow-
 ling's advice, that I had run away
 with some young fellow for Scotland, who
 had left me in the lurch for an artful
 girl, as she was afraid I should prove
 nothing, but how else indeed should pretty
 girls, in a so romantic disguise, and
 fancying herself like Pamela, I suppose,
 in the novel, be found rambling alone
 about our country? A likely story truly;
 that she came so many times against her
 will to who's dupe enough to believe
 that; I wonder not. No my dear friend,"
 continued Medora, "I should not, per-
 haps, have now told you my sad history,
 if a good angel had not been sent to
 VOL. IV. P interpose

interpose for me; this was Miss Richmond, who, I have since believed, had notice of my being in the house from a young woman who lives there, and who, from whatever motive, contrived to let the admirable daughter of Sir Harry know I was an unwilling resident under the roof of Mrs. Crowling. Miss Richmond contrived, and undoubtedly by the assistance of this young person, to have me conducted in the dead of the night to the mansion house; I saw her; I told her all but my name, which for many reasons I thought it better to conceal. Truth, thank God, never loses its power over an ingenuous mind. Miss Richmond believed me, and contrived my escape that very night with such successful rapidity, that on the evening of the next day, attended by an old servant of her's, on whom she could depend, I found myself at the house of Mr. Meyricke, in London; and then having no fear of pursuit, I was contented oh! I was most happy, to be
put

put into the stage, which I knew would set me down the same evening within six miles of Dalebury and Upwood—there only I could enquire for my mother, of whom I could hear nothing in London; and there only I thought myself secure of meeting her and you.

A few miles from London the coach took up a chance passenger—My head and heart were too full for conversation, which I therefore very unwillingly listened to, when this gentleman spoke; he spoke not long, however, you may imagine, before I threw myself into the arms of that dear father, who, on the first hint of our pecuniary distresses from the protested bills, and my mother's doubts how to act as to the prosecution of our law suit, had hastened across to Halifax, and the packet being that very day on the point of sailing, had, after a very favourable passage, reached England."

not over a week ago, and on the 1st of October, 1791, I had the pleasure of seeing you at the house of the late Mr. Pitt.

C H A P. XII.

“ Si l'homme sçavoit rougir de soy, quels crimes
non seulement cachez, mais public et connus,
ne sépareroit il pas ? ”

FROM expressions of these mingled emotions, which such a narrative had given rise to in the heart of Delmont, he was diverted by a letter brought to him by Clement, which a servant had just left at his lodgings. He eagerly opened it at Medbra's request, who now referred every thing that happened to some information about her mother—it was to this effect :

“ Sir, Accident having lately discovered to me, that you are much interested in the fate of a very near relation of mine, I avail myself of the very slight acquaintance I had the honour of making with you,

you, while with Miss Richmond, and am persuaded your candour will allow for the apparent singularity of my requesting to see you here, as what I have to inform you of cannot so well be communicated by letter. I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your most obedient servant,

"M. G. CARDONNEL."

belonging to — Street,
Grosvenor Square, Thursday." T

Delmont immediately gave this letter to Medora, who exclaimed, "It is my mother she means! Oh! hasten, Delmont, immediately; I conjure you lose not a moment! If we can but discover her—if she is but restored to us!—Perhaps, my dear friend, at the very instant I was concealing my name from Miss Cardonnel, she might, if I had revealed it, have directed me to this dear mother; and who knows what she has suffered since! what she may endure at this very time." The impatience of Delmont was equal

to that of Medora: A thousand uneasy conjectures as to the fate of Mrs. Glenmorris had tormented him, though he had feared to reveal them all, and he was affectionately attached to her, as well on account of her own merit, as because the happiness of Medora was so closely interwoven with her safety. He now hurried with a palpitating heart to the house of Lady Mary de Verdon, where he understood Miss Cardonnel expected him, entreating Medora not to leave her lodgings till he, or till her father, returned.

He found himself affected so as to repress his emotion with difficulty, and to tremble and hesitate as he made his compliments to Miss Cardonnel, who was alone in the withdrawing room; but the agitation he remarked in her extremely added to his confusion. Miss Cardonnel was now pale, now red; seemed unable to begin the subject, yet more so to speak on any other. The longer this hesitation and embarrassment continued, the more painful it became. Delmont

at

at length found voice to say, "I consider myself greatly honoured, Madam, in being allowed to wait upon you, and have great hopes that your benevolence will restore to a husband and a daughter, who are now extremely wretched, the blessing they have lost."

"An husband, Sir!" asked Miss Cardonnel—"What then is Mr. Glenmorris in England?"—She became still more agitated as she spoke; but while Delmont was answering her enquiry, she appeared to make an effort to recover herself, and in a low voice proceeded.

"If any thing could add to the pain I have suffered from the circumstances that have come to my knowledge relative to Mrs. Glenmorris, it would be the necessity I am under of arraigning the conduct of one whom I venerate and respect. My grandmother, Lady Mary de Verdon"

She again paused.

"Has in some way or other," said Delmont

Delmont eagerly, been the cause of Mrs. Glenmorris's disappearance.

Mrs. Cardonnel now saw that what share Lady Mary had in this mysterious transaction might appear more cruel than it really had been; she therefore began, though with evident difficulty, to relate the circumstances that had accidentally thrown Mrs. Glenmorris into the power of her mother. "I will not," said she, "affect to say, that Lady Mary might not, from her own desire to secure to me a fortune which she thinks necessary to my happiness, (though I assure you I do not) have taken every advantage, and some perhaps that were altogether unjustifiable—yet I believe I may say Lady Mary would not have acted as she has done, unless she had been influenced by persons, who, besides their wishes for me, which I could most willingly dispense with, have some pique against the unhappy lady, who has been so severe a sufferer."

"And where is she now, Madam?"

cried

cried Delmont, breathless with concern and astonishment, "Can I see her? can I hasten to her? not a moment should be lost. Good God, Mrs. Glenmorris, the mother of my Medora, in a mad house! Confined, ill treated, driven perhaps by despair to the very state which could be originally only a pretence to commit such wicked injustice."

"You cannot be more sensible than I am," said Miss Cardonnel, "of the injury that has been done a person for whom I have the tenderest esteem—You cannot be more distressed to hear than I am to tell, that Mrs. Glenmorris, within these few days, has found means to leave her confinement, and to wander away alone."

"And why not?" cried Delmont. "If she is not mad, and who will assert that she has ever been so? If she is not mad, wherefore should she be a moment subjected to this infamous oppression? I beg your pardon, Miss Cardonnel; I am convinced that you have no participation in this cruel business; that you are inca-

pable of it ; let me urge you then to assist me in putting an end to it for ever. Give me the name of the place where this victim of a mother's inhumanity languished. I can trace her from thence and find her, perhaps, before her husband and her daughter are shocked by intelligence that must so cruelly disappoint all their future hopes."

Miss Cardonnel with a trembling hand wrote the direction ; and Delmont, who saw how much all that had passed had affected her, could not forbear saying, " Pardon me, Miss Cardonnel, if I say, that it seems to me incomprehensible that you, who seem to have, nay, who I am sure have so good an heart, should have lent your countenance to the imprisonment, for what else can it be called ? of Mrs. Glenmorris."

" Alas ! Sir," replied she, " it is a melancholy truth, that at the time that happened, Mrs. Glenmorris was in a state of such mental derangement, that it was impossible for me to oppose the decision made

made by my grandmother, certainly at the instigation and by the persuasions of Mrs. Grinstead.—Believe me, Mr. Delmont (the tears ran down her cheeks as she spoke), believe me, that had I been permitted I would have attended on that dear unfortunate woman with the assiduity of a daughter; I would not have left her to strangers in that condition, to which, though I now believe it was only temporary, her cruel loss had certainly reduced her; but Lady Mary, far from allowing me personally to alleviate her sufferings, would not permit me to be told where she was; I was even the more readily allowed to go to Ardley Forest, because Mrs. Grinstead observed that I was extremely restless about my aunt, whose confinement she certainly wished, I know not for what reason, to perpetuate. Indeed I do not know that Lady Mary would have thought of such an expedient, if the people about her (and it is by the upper servants you know that persons of her age are oftenest governed) and

Mrs. Grinstead had not persuaded her to adopt it; the latter enforcing on her mind for a certainty, that the action she thus agreed to was doubly meritorious, inasmuch as she would at once take care of her daughter, however unworthy she was of her maternal solicitude, and put an end, and in the most effectual manner, to what Mrs. Grinstead called an unjust, and invidious attempt to take from dear Mary Cardonnel her undoubted right. Lady Mary listened with avidity to counsel that so well agreed with her own feelings; and her resolution was confirmed by what I know not what lawyers; who were sent for hither, and closetted with Mrs. Grinstead and that most odious of all odious men, Sir Appulby Gorges. My poor grandmother, whose great age may be some excuse for her being so easily misled by these unworthy people, acted, or rather they acted for her in pursuance of what was decided at this conference. As I could not help betraying many symptoms of uneasiness, and I was

I was hurried with my grandmother into the country, from whence I was soon dismissed with Miss Richmond, Mrs. Grinsted undertaking to stay with Lady Mary during my absence. The place where Mrs. Glenmorris was confined I knew only lately, and by accident; and I have reason to believe that her real situation has, from the first certainty of her recovery, been concealed from Lady Mary, who so far from believing she was acting with cruelty and injustice, was, from the representations made to her, taught to imagine that she was doing her duty towards her daughter, and saving her from I know not what guilty connection, which Mrs. Grinsted and Mrs. Crewkerne together had persuaded her Mrs. Glenmorris had formed."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Delmoist;
 "most infamous!" To this odious falsehood it is owing that Mrs. Glenmorris has been exposed to every distress; that her daughter has been torn from her; and that she has been driven into a madness,

and

and at length perhaps to beggary—her daughter”

“As to my cousin,” said Miss Cardonnel, who seemed glad to have an opportunity of calling her so; “my grandmother is firmly persuaded that she voluntarily eloped with some man, almost a stranger to her; and though I have now reason to believe this, like the rest, was the cruel misrepresentation, if not absolutely false, contrived by this knot of men, who seem to have derived an unaccountable pleasure from the sufferings of my unhappy relations, yet I fear it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to obliterate from the mind of Lady Mary these impressions, which perhaps were too willingly received at first, and have been so long cherished. Age is naturally tenacious of its opinions, and perhaps my grandmother a little more liable to prejudices than most other persons. My reverence for her does not prevent my being sensible that she is of a very unforgiving temper, and has to a great

great degree that weakness or obstinacy which I have read of as common to persons of her rank, of whom it is alledged, that having once received a prejudice against any one, they never will take the trouble to consider whether it be well or ill founded; and even when it is shewn them to be unjust, persist in it rather than allow they could be in an error, and rather than be fatigued with explanations."

Delmont, charmed with the candour and understanding of Miss Cardonnel, as well as with the affection with which she seemed to consider her relations, could not forbear expressing his admiration of her virtues, adding, "Believe me, Miss Cardonnel, when I assure you, that if ever Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter should reunited have together the comfort of knowing you, they will feel more real pleasure in having such a friend than any participation of your fortune can bestow; and against you I dare believe they will never appear as opponents." Delmont

then,
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then, eager to set out in search of Mrs. Glenmorris, took a respectful leave, and Miss Cardonnel saw him depart with sensations, which, if envy could have had any place in so excellent an heart as her's, would have made the poor and almost portionless Medora the object of that passion.

He no sooner got into the street than he began to consider what he ought to do. Medora, who was fully persuaded that the note of Miss Cardonnel alluded to her mother, would be impatient for his return ; but how divulge to her what he had heard ? how disclose to her, that after having been confined as a lunatic, her mother was become a wanderer, perhaps again distracted by fears and terrors for her, and again exposed to want and insult ? how discover all this to Glenmorris ; yet how conceal it from either of them ? It had always, however, been a rule with him to act openly where it was possible ; and after some consideration he determined to relate the truth
to

to Glenmorris, whom he thought he could have an opportunity of consulting without alarming his daughter.

Delmont repaired therefore to the lodgings in Portland Street, and intended to have inquired for the father before he saw the daughter; but Medora was at the window watching his return, and the moment she saw him from it, ran down stairs and met him. "Delmont!" she exclaimed eagerly, "have you seen my father?"

"Your father! No! Is he not returned?"

"Oh no! he has sent hither twice for you, but the man who brought the message would not tell me from whence he came; and he was so strange, so ill-looking a man, that I cannot help thinking something has happened."

"Where can I see the man? How long is it since he has been here?"

"The last time, hardly a moment ago," said Jason, the negro servant. "If your honour pleases I can overtake him."

"Do

“ Do then, my good fellow,” answered Delmont. “ No, stay ! I’ll go with you myself.”—He then hastened away with Jason, and was out of sight in a moment, while Medora, fearing she knew not what, breathless, and with a beating heart, listened to every sound, and wearied herself with conjectures.

And some hours this cruel suspense lasted—Glenmorris returned not—Delmont returned not—and all the information Medora could obtain of Jason was, that Mr. Delmont had in Oxford Street overtaken the messenger sent after his master, on speaking to whom he had appeared much confused and very *unwell* (was Jason’s expression); that Mr. Delmont had immediately called a coach, into which he got with this man, but Jason knew not whither he ordered it to be driven, for, a stranger in London, he had no recollection of the names of streets. Medora from this account became more uneasy than ever; yet there appeared

appeared no remedy for her uneasiness, for she knew not whither to go nor of whom to enquire. Night came on, but still nobody arrived; even late hours approached, but neither her father or her lover appeared. At last, about half past eleven, a loud rap was heard at the door. Medora, too impatient to wait till the message could be brought up stairs, ran half way down. A person entered, but it was neither Glenmorris or Delmont; it was Mr. Armitage.

He met her, and in his usual friendly and paternal way took her hand. "My dear girl," cried he, "why all this eager solicitude? Why do I find you here?"

"My father! my mother! where are they? and Delmont, too? something is surely wrong? and you, my dear Mr. Armitage," added she, when they entered the room where there were candles; "let me observe your countenance. Oh! all is not right. You come to tell me all news. Tell me at once if you do, for surely
I can

I can bear any thing better than suspense."

"Come, come," answered Armitage, affecting to speak cheerfully, "I will not be questioned in this way by a little inquisitor. What is all this?"

Medora then related what had happened the preceding part of the day, and observing narrowly the countenance of Armitage, saw that he struggled to conceal the effect her account had upon him.

"Well, well," said he, "my dear little girl, as we know not whither to go after these truants, your father and I must be quiet; they will come to us no doubt by and by; they know where to find you, and I think you need not doubt the solicitude of both to return to you as soon as they can; it will give them more pain than pleasure to find you thus watchful, thus uneasy. Come, give me a glass of wine and water; you shall drink some with me, and then I shall send you to bed. Good girls should

not be takes you know, and you look already tired."

"No indeed," said Medora, "I shall not think of repose till my father returns. Good God!! my dear Mr. Armitage, how can you imagine I can sleep, when there is every reason to believe my father is detained by intelligence of my poor mother, and that the intelligence is unpleasant; for were it otherwise, would not he or would not Delmont have returned?"

Armitage, who was a very bad dissembler, contented himself with assuring her she was mistaken, but he had not courage, and she perceived he had not, to undertake deceiving her by any premeditated falsehood, and it was evident he was himself in so much anxiety, that he could not rally her's. They continued therefore together to listen to every coach that approached, and to start various conjectures, though what Armitage either knew or guessed he carefully concealed from Medora, while she,

she, who knowing nothing, imagined much that was distressing, and dwelt chiefly on her mother, became at length so wretched that Armitage thought it almost cruel not to disclose to her the truth as far as he was acquainted with it.

Between one and two o'clock Delmont's voice was heard in the passage. Armitage with difficulty restrained Medora from flying to him, but assuring her upon his honour he would return to let her know in a moment, she consented to remain quiet, while Delmont, who had sent for him down, took him into a parlour, and said, "I rejoice to see you. Our friend is arrested for a debt due before he left England. It is considerable. I have offered bail with a respectable tradesman whom I know, but the rascals who have taken Glenmortis have refused it, and he having in his turn refused to go to a spunging house, I have been with him to the Fleet prison, where I have just left him. I am convinced there is something more

in it than we know of. Brownjohn has been seen with the attorney employed against him, and it was intimated to me by one of the bailiff's followers, that there were people who were determined at all events to keep him in custody."

Armitage appeared greatly shocked at this account. "Ah! my dear Delmont," said he "what complicated evils are at this moment the lot of our unhappy friends; and how shall we reveal to the lovely girl above stairs an event which is, however, less distressing than that which has befallen her admirable mother—poor Mrs. Glenmorris!"

"You have seen her then?"

"Yes, I have seen her, but in what a state! I know not Delmont, if death itself would not be preferable to so sad a condition. I found her wandering about an absolute maniac, raving for her daughter, and execrating the cruelty of Lady Mary. She had been some days in this deplorable state before I found her, and I fear all help may be now too late.

What

What punishment do they deserve who have occasioned this? Execrable villains! infernal forcereffes! my blood turns to gall when I think of them. Oh! my friend Delmont! we can relieve Glenmorris from their accursed machinations, but who can restore to him his wife? who can give back her mother to Medora?"

Delmont, heart struck, and running over in his mind all the distress that at once awaited his Medora, now heard with increased anguish, the particulars, which Armitage thus related: "I left London," said he, "with a resolution to find this dear unhappy woman if she still existed. It seemed certain from all that passed between you and the porter and his wife, at Lady Mary de Verdon's, that something was known of her in that family. With extreme difficulty I traced her to a confinement, where Lady Mary had placed her, twenty miles south of London. I enquired for her at the house. The people

people who keep it, positively denied that any lady of the name of Glenmorris either was or ever had been there. They disputed my authority to see, and still more to remove her if she was. I was however sure, by the manner of these people, that they were not ignorant for whom I enquired. After many fruitless attempts, I found out the apothecary who attended the house, and from him extorted an avowal of the truth, under the most positive promise of secrecy towards those with whom my revealing what he told me might injure him. He said then that Mrs. Glenmorris had been sent to that house, undoubtedly, in a state which for the moment authorized her confinement. He related, at some length, the progress of her cure, and her frequent conversations with him, in consequence of which, being convinced that her detention was extremely unjust, he had given it repeatedly as his opinion that she ought to be released; but a lady of the name of Grinston or Grimsted,

had been there, and on behalf of Lady Mary de Verdon, her mother, had repeated the order for her confinement, alledging that her mother was her only friend and support, that she was parted from her husband, had been engaged in a discreditable connection, which the worthy old lady was very solicitous to prevent from being known; and that her daughter had eloped from her and was married, therefore such a situation as she was now in, was the only one wherein Lady Mary would support her, of course the only eligible one for her. In consequence of this, every precaution was taken to conceal her residence; and though she was not treated as to discipline like a lunatic, she was still assiduously watched. For my own part, said Mr. Seton the apothecary, I felt extremely for this poor lady, who is in truth a most interesting woman, and I did what little I could to alleviate her confinement, since to end it was not in my power. But it was owing to an accident, that at last I was the cause of the

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the desperate resolution she took. I found the lady, who was called in the house Mrs. Tichfield, and whose real name I believe nobody knew but myself, was very fond of fruit; I have a remarkable vine in my garden, and having some very fine grapes, I collected a few of the ripest and finest bunches, and my wife packed them in a little basket, with some of the leaves and some news-papers which were in the parlour—a friend of mine sends the papers to me, though I scarce ever have time to read them. But here, sir, added Mr. Seton, taking a piece of a newspaper out of a drawer, this is the paragraph. It was marked on the margin with a pen. “The young lady who lately eloped from ———’s, hotel with Captain D***ll, will, it is supposed, be entitled to a very great fortune, as co-heiress to the late Gabriel de V——n, esquire. This, however, is disputed by her cousin Miss O——l, and is likely to make well for the gentlemen of the long robe; Captain D***ll being determined

to support the pretensions of his fair bride, with whom we understand he is returned from his matrimonial trip, and the young couple are gone down to pass the rest of the autumn at Bogner in Suffex." And here, sir, continued Mr. Seton, giving me a letter which accompanied this paper, is what I received from Mrs. Glenmorris before her departure.

" Sir,

" As you are the only person who have testified any humanity towards me, I will not leave this place where I have been most fraudulently and unjustly confined, without acquainting you of my departure. The paragraph I have marked in this news-paper, accidentally sent me, relates to my daughter. Of its truth I am determined to be satisfied, not being able to endure life in my present cruel suspense;—I have nothing to offer you but my thanks for your kindness, and I wish your happiness.

L. G."

Every

“ Every enquiry from hence will be useless, and every attempt to stop me dangerous, as no person has any right whatever over my person or conduct.”

This was written, continued Mr. Armitage, with a feeble and trembling hand, and blotted in many places with tears. I waited no longer than to hear the particulars of Mrs. Glenmorris's disappearance, and what clothes she wore at the time. I found that at an early hour of the morning she had taken advantage of the absence of the gardener, who was wheeling out the grass, he had mown to an unfrequented lane; she had walked away, and was not missed till three hours afterwards, when all search for her was in vain. Not doubting but that she was gone to the place in Sussex, where the paper had reported her daughter to be (though how she could get thither without money I could not imagine) I attempted to trace her, but my endeavours were for some time baffled; I crossed to my own house, where, by letters I found there, I

first heard of Glenmorris's arrival, but I thought it better not to acquaint him with what I knew, till more satisfactory information could be obtained. I then went to the place where it seemed to me to be almost certain that Mrs. Glenmorris, misled by the paper I had seen, had gone in search of her daughter.

There I heard of her; she had sold her watch and some other trinkets for her support, but some information she had received, had induced her to leave the place two days before, and she was gone, the people told me to Rottendean, a few miles beyond Brighthelmstone.

Thither then I followed her, having sent for Susanne to join me as soon as I found it was probable I was right in my pursuit. I learned that a lady, who was supposed to be disordered in her mind, had two days before taken up her abode at a very poor house in the village; that she had wandered about in the evening either on the shore or on the high cliffs, and the people had been much afraid that

thought

though gentle and good natured to them, she meant, in their own phrase, to do herself a mischief.

Not a moment was to be lost. I was shewn by one of the bathers, who had given me this account, to a very humble cottage—I inquired for the lodger—she was gone, they said, for her evening walk. I bade Susanne accompany me; and we were directed by a fisherman to the place where she was.

It was on an heap of the fallen cliff, and where other fragments beetled fearfully over head, that the poor mourner sat; her eyes were concealed by her hands, her arms resting on her knees. She seemed listening to the hurst of waters on the shore, and to be quite regardless of our approach. I kept a little behind, and bade Susanne, whose voice trembled so as to be hardly articulate, speak to her. “My dear mistress!” said she.—Mrs. Glenmorris did not look up, she only moved one of her hands languidly, and uttered, “Pray, pray, be gone my good

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woman!”

woman!" "Ah! don't you know me?" cried Susanne, taking her hand, and bursting into tears—Mrs. Glenmorris looked at her—never shall I forget the look!

"Know you?" repeated she, "yes, I think I knew you once; but you too, Susanne, if that is still your name, have left me—Yes, I am quite deserted by every body since my child has abandoned me—I am poor and wretched, and persecuted, and have no child, no friend!—none to care for me now, and I cannot hither to die."

"My dear friend," cried I, then stepping forward; "this must not be indulged. Come, come, Mrs. Glenmorris, you have been cruelly deceived."

"I know it," answered she, in a low solemn voice—"I know it but too well. Yes, *I have* been cruelly deceived, but who would have thought it possible?" A sigh that seemed ready to burst her heart followed. I said, "you have been deceived, but not by Medora." I was afraid

afraid of saying too much; fearing that if she comprehended me, which from her now vacant and wandering eye she did not at this moment seem to do, the transition from joy to grief would be so violent, as wholly to overset her injured reason, I therefore spoke to her soothingly and confidently, and suddenly she seemed to recollect me, or at least she had not appeared to do it till, starting from her seat, she held out her hand to me, and said—"a thousand thanks to you, my very good friend, for having taken this trouble; but you will not be offended, if I beg of you not to be seen here,—for," continued she, speaking very quick, "Lady Mary, you remember, has declared enmity to you on my account. Oh! you know not half she has suffered people to say; cruel, cruel, has been her conduct, cruel indeed to me!—But her causing my child to be taken from me—Oh! that it is which has been the deadly blow, and it has made me almost . . . almost forget all the rest, except (and she put

her hand to her head), except that I would not have any more victims—and who knows, after what Lady Mary has said, what may happen? I am easy, quite easy at present, for if Medora is gone, why should I wish to live? I would see Glenmorris however before I died, if I thought I could bear to meet him now, that his daughter is lost; but the very dread of it would kill me, before I could get to America.” I endeavoured, continued Armitage, to impress on her mind, that nothing of all she seemed to apprehend could happen; but I found the incoherence of her conversation greater, the longer I attempted to reason with her; I could not prevail upon her to allow me to escort her to Upwood or to Dalebury farm, still less would she hear of going to Ashley Combe. She had been happy at all those places with Medora; she said she would never see them more! All I could obtain of her was to allow Susanne to stay with her. Though she often fixed her eyes on that faithful creature

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with

with looks of anger and resentment, such as almost broke the poor woman's heart, and such as she said her dear mistress had never; in all the years she had lived with her, looked at any creature with, however they had offended her. In this state I left her, rather calmer however, and ordering Susanne never for a moment to lose sight of her, but if possible to break to her Glenmorris's being in England, and the safety of Medora. I began several times this attempt, but she always stopped me by saying, "I entreat you, Mr. Armitage, not to attempt to deceive me.—I know the worst.—By the contrivance of my mother, my child has been taken from me.—At last her long meditated curse has been fulfilled. God forgive her, poor old unhappy woman, God forgive her.—No, no, Mr. Armitage, none of your plots, frauds, your friendly deceptions.—I know the worst—and you see I am not dead!—Time, they say, time cures every thing.—Time will cure me." She shuddered, and sunk into

silence, from which nothing could rouse her; and in fact, my dear friend, it is in vain to flatter ourselves; I do believe her intellects irrecoverably gone. Opposition seems so much to inflame her, that I dared not venture to press even her removing to a better lodging, but I have sent two of my own servants over to attend her; I desired a physician, of whom I have a very good opinion, to see her, but to keep the state she is in a profound secret; and having done this, I hastened hither, as well to soften this severe shock to my poor friend, as to consult with him on his going down with his daughter, and trying how the sight of objects so beloved and lamented, might act on the disordered mind of his wife." *He then said no more.*

"And you find him," said Delmont, "in a prison, and prevented by oppression from flying to the wife he has so long sought, from protecting her and his daughter."

"That, however," replied Armitage, "however distressing it is, can be only temporary.

temporary. My whole fortune, if it is necessary, shall be devoted to release him."

"And mine," interrupted Delmont, "he is already to consider as his own."

Delmont now however remembered, almost for the first time since he first knew Medora had disappeared, that his fortune was little better than nominal, for so deeply was it engaged to answer the debts of his brother, that whenever the creditors enforced the payment of those debts, he should not have even Upwood his own. This painful recollection however soon subdued, when he reflected that in consequence of the Major's marriage, he was certainly at this moment in a situation to settle all his pecuniary obligations.

As nothing could be done for Glenmorris that night, the doors of his prison having been long since shut, all that remained was to consider how to conceal from Medora the situation of her father and mother, at least for the night, and in

such

such

such a case, a pious fraud was undoubtedly allowable. They therefore agreed in telling her that Mr. Glenmorris, having had intelligence of her mother, whom he hoped to find in health and safety, had been detained by his expectations, and his return became uncertain.

"I shall take his place my dear Medora," said Armitage "to night, and shall occupy his room, for as our little heroine has been more than once carried away by "Paynim's vile and wicked Sarracen," it is necessary some trusty knight should guard her, and modern chivalry is, I am sorry to say, so degenerated, that it is no longer the etiquette to entrust this honourable post to the chosen chevalier of the damsel's heart. Delmont therefore shall retire to his lodgings till to-morrow at an early hour, when he will rejoin us here, and we shall perhaps leave you, my dear Medora, for some hours, with no other protection than Jason, who will faithfully enact the enchanted

chanted Moor, against any intruders, for the short time of our absence."

This pleasantry, which it cost Armitage no inconsiderable effort to assume, served in some degree to dissipate the apprehensions that assailed Medora. The countenance of Delmont, who was a wretched dissembler, almost counteracted this attempt at cheerfulness on the part of his friend; but Medora, who had early learned never to appear importunate to those who she knew would entrust her with all it was necessary for her to know, now repressed her uneasiness and suspicion, and as soon as Delmont was gone, retired to her room; Mr. Armitage having informed her he should take the opportunity of writing letters that night, that nothing might impede the business he should have the following day.

To those who have not from sad experience learned what man, in a state of polished society, is capable of executing towards his fellow man, when he can pervert the laws, the customs and prejudices

dicts of the community, to the purpose of his passions, it would appear almost impossible that a combination of persons, each acting on different motives, should have the power to oppress, to persecute, and ruin a family; yet so it happened in the instance of Glenmorris. The formidable phalanx consisted of Lady Mary, from whom time had taken everything but her avance, her pride, and hatred, against the husband of her daughter, and that daughter herself; Sir Appulby Gorges, who joined against Glenmorris not only from dread of his openly avowed political principles, his enmity to all deceit and corruption, and that manly sincerity which never allowed him to conceal how much he despised such a character as Sir Appulby, (though clad in purple and fine linc, and faring sumptuously every day) but because, if Glenmorris's claims on behalf of his daughter should be established, the fortune of Miss Gardonnel, all of which was not more than enough for

Sir Appulby's ambitious projects for his grandson, would be divided, and enrich a man who had the insolence to assert, that it was better a great many persons should live in comfort than that a few such men as Sir Appulby Gorges should wallow in swinish luxury and selfish indulgences. Totally regardless of every thing, but how to gratify the appetites he had left, and to enrich his grand-children, the unfeeling and brutal character of this old attorney (for he was originally nothing more) became harder, and more insolent every day, as a vicious animal grows more offensive by age; and there was nothing Sir Appulby Gorges could do with impunity that he was not capable of doing, to add only a few hundreds, or even a few tens, to the sums he had collected, either while he was in place, or in consequence of the power his having been in place had given him. Though he had never had any talents, and only a bustling sort of affected consequence, which he imposed upon those who did not

not know him for industry and application; and though the small stock of acquired intelligence he ever possessed, was obscured by the fumes of gluttony, and the imbecility of age, so that he could not now write a common letter without betraying his ignorance or his indolence, yet was Sir Appulby Gorges a formidable enemy, in the existing circumstances, to Glenmorris; for he had a number of retainers around him, men who, though for the most part they were paid only by hope, were as assiduous as they were base; and there was hardly one of them who did not possess, in some way or other, the means of injuring a defenceless stranger, who had not money or friends among the same class of men. As soon as it was understood that Delmont was most warmly solicitous for the family of Glenmorris, they became more obnoxious to Sir Appulby; he could not well hate any man more than the latter, unless it was the former; of whose legacy, left by Lord Castledanes, as well as of the sums belong-
ing

ing on the same account to the rest of the Delmont family, Sir Appulby had in fact long since possessed himself, and though he knew that sooner or later he must pay these, yet he contrived, with the assistance of his friend Cancer, the attorney he employed, to raise so many difficulties, to imagine such an infinite number of precautions, and to use so many of the quirks and tricks which have arisen like poisonous galls on the branches of the boasted widely spreading oak of English jurisprudence; that he doubted not of being able to keep possession for some years of this money, for which he made twenty per cent. while he knew the law would not oblige him to allow to the proprietors more than *three*. To say nothing of old Cancer of Gray's Inn (who never failed to stick to any unhappy wretch he fastened on till mortification and death ensued, but who could only be considered as the creature of Sir Appulby) the third on the list of Glenmorris's persecutors was Loadivorth, a
man

man who had taken an aversion to him many years before, and now, though he had almost forgotten the cause, seemed to have a malignant delight in assisting to do him every possible prejudice in gratification of this lurking hatred. So little conscious, however, was Glenmorris of his sudden antipathy, that he had directed him to be employed in the business of recovering Medora's fortune; and Loadworth, who had been in habits of doing such things, made no scruple now of availing himself of the confidence of Glenmorris, and enlisted himself, armed with all the advantages that confidence might have given him, under the banners of the opposing party. It happened, however, that the case was so plain as not to admit of a doubt from any man not predetermined to raise them, and Loadworth knew that Medora must eventually possess a very considerable share of her grandfather's fortune; a secret which he had from the very beginning communicated to his friend Brownjohn.

This

This puffing prater, who contrived, with those as shallow as himself, to make positive assertion pass for sound knowledge, and impudent boasting for eloquence, who was an harpy as inexorable as Cancer, only under a rather less repulsive appearance, having been convinced that he should not ultimately make much, either by acting as the friend or enemy of the Glenmorris's, conceived the very honourable project of marrying his brother to the co-heiress of De Verdon; and by that means aggrandizing his family, and getting into his hands the management of so considerable a property. Darnell himself would never have thought of such an exploit, but he had been persuaded, laughed, and teased into it; for Brownjohn, who would most willingly have been the principal in such a coup de main, especially in a case where he thought there was no father or brother to call him to an account, was unluckily obliged to recommend it to another, it being well known that he had a fine-dressing

dressing *vulgar* wife of his own, who had exhibited herself among the crowd of the Margate and Brighton fairs, every year since he had kept a *carriage*. Brownjohn, who with all his daring volubility, was a wonderfully shallow fellow, had, in common with such sort of men, a great contempt for the understandings of women. He had not the least notion that among them either sense or discernment was to be found, and imagined that a red coat, a tolerable fortune, and a little assurance, would induce any of them to go off with the first young fellow that offered. He no more doubted, therefore, of his own consequence and cleverness, than of the success of the plan he had formed.

The malignant and prying spirit of Mrs. Crewkherne, irritated and stimulated by her desire to aggrandize her family by the marriage of Delmont to Miss Goldthorp, and her inveterate prejudices, as well as her paltry passions, had all been called forth and set in battle array, by

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter, on account of their personal advantages, their dissent from those forms and ceremonies which made the whole business of her life, and above all from their being under the protection of Armitage, towards whom the venerable spinster avowed a degree of hatred quite inconsistent with her Christian profession, but which her ghostly directors tolerated, not to say encouraged; inasmuch as Armitage, though living in a continued course of beneficence and in charity with all the world, was supposed to have notions on some subjects which, however reasonable, were not *correct*. It was in vain that he restrained himself from any attempt to make converts; never wished to disturb the creed, whether political or religious, of others, and requested nothing but that there might be no attempt to force either the one or the other upon him. Mr. Armitage would long ago have been the martyr of his unobtrusive and simple system of ethics, if these modern saints had, with the spirit of

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of Bonner and Gardner, possessed their power. His last conference with Mrs. Crewkerne had inflamed the zeal of that good lady almost to madness, and she tired every body but herself by raving against him. If that, however, had been the extent of her active malice, no great harm might have been the consequence. But she continued, as well by herself as by her agents and deputy gossips, so to represent him and his connection with Mrs. Glenmorris to Lady Mary — she had so many anecdotes of him, “which she knew to be true,” and brought so many proofs which could not be contradicted of his artful and unprincipled deportment, that the impressions thus made, contributed as much as any thing to harden the heart of Lady Mary, and to confirm her, instead of the protector, the persecutor and oppressor, of her daughter and grand-daughter.

To these were added the officious interference of Mrs. Grinstead, who, deriving her present consequence as she had

once

once drawn her actual support, from her connections with people "*of a certain sort,*" could not, even though she now loved her ease very much, divest herself of a sort of bustling zeal in their service. She had a perfect conviction that her understanding was of so superior a class, that the moral world would go on much better if she was consulted in its government. She really imagined, that if heaven had made her a man, the great compass of her mind, and her vast fluency of speech, on which she particularly piqued herself, would have placed her in a considerable rank among the statesmen of her day and nation. To this masculine, or rather universal propensity to govern, she added one purely feminine—a latent hatred towards Glenmorris because he had not made love to her when he might, but preferred the little baby-faced Laura to her mature and ripened beauties; and she had quite as great a dislike to Mrs. Glenmorris, who, when a romping girl, had laughed at her prim maxims, and monopolized all the

men, in despite of all the wise observations she used to make to her on the impropriety of talking to those "*idle boys that only flattered her.*" Since the last interview between them, Mrs. Grinstead had found new cause to nourish this lurking enmity. Mrs. Glenmorris, though no longer in the bloom of youth, was so handsome that her prudent friend hated the sight of her, and was determined to believe all the ill which, the gossips of a country town having begun, had been seized with such avidity, and disseminated with such fatal success by Mrs. Crewkerne.

CHAP. XIII.

Against the threats

Of malice or of forcery, or that power

Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd but never hurt,

Surprised by unjust force but not enthralled

But evil on itself shall back recoil.

TURNING from the group which, thus associated, had worked so much woe to the unoffending family of Glenmorris, and so completely succeeded in destroying the tranquillity, if not the philosophy, of Delmont, the victims of this conspiracy naturally present themselves — Glenmorris in his prison, his wife deprived of her senses, and poor Medora, to whom Armitage had as gently as possible disclosed the truth, distracted between her agonizing fears for both her parents, and hardly more in

possession of her reason than the mother she deplored.

And all this was the consequence of a vicious desire to defame a man, whose opinions differed from those of the common world, and to detract from the modest merit of a stranger; for without the malice of Mrs. Crewkherne, the more weighty, but not less hateful motives that directed the conduct of Sir Appulby Gorges and the lawyers, could never have effected so much mischief; yet Mrs. Crewkherne was a woman pretending to many virtues, to a sanctity almost monastic, and a zeal so ardent, that the common feelings of humanity were not purified, but consumed in its blaze. Oh! if those who calling themselves Christians, yet blinded by passion and by prejudice, could see the unhappy victims who, remote and unknown, suffer and perish from their politics and their pride; the presumption with which weak, yet arrogant beings send forth "*the arrow that flyeth in darkness, and the pestilence that walketh*

at noon day," might be softened into mercy; and he who from his closet or his council-board directs the extirpation of millions, as well as the minor instigator of mischief, who only causes the ruin of two or three families, might feel what in so many of the powerful and the prosperous seems entirely extinct and dead, *"that spark of friendship for human kind, that particle of the dove kneaded into our frame, along with the elements of the wolf and the serpent *."*

Nothing of this, however, was visible in the persons into whose immediate power the unfortunate Glenmorris had fallen. His two anxious friends, Armitage and Delmont, were with him as soon as his prison doors were open, having left his weeping daughter somewhat tranquillised by the hope of his immediate release. While Armitage staid with him to assist him in arranging some papers, Delmont

forgot his joy, and saw only the wretched man.
 * Hume's Essays.
 R. 3 went

went in search of the attorney employed by the party who had arrested him.

Armitage plunged into the business with an ardour even greater than its necessity dictated, that he might conceal from the prisoner intelligence which would have rendered his confinement utterly intolerable. He greatly feared, lest Glenmorris, already indignant at the persecution he thus suffered, almost at the very moment of his return to his native land, should know that his wife had also, though on a different pretence, been long confined; that she was now discovered and at liberty, but that her reason was lost; for Armitage knew that Glenmorris, who had always declared against the illegality and cruelty of imprisonment for debt, would incur any personal risk to shake off these unworthy fetters, and fly to the woman he fondly loved. Again, therefore, was Armitage compelled to put aside his sincerity, and with friendly deceit to engage his impetuous friend

to be calm till Belmont could take the steps that were to liberate him in a common way.

And this might soon have been done, if Glenmorris had only been imprisoned by the ostensible cause. The debt was sworn to be seven thousand pounds and upwards. It had not been incurred even by any of those indiscretions that had marked his early life, but occasioned by his having advanced for a friend he loved four thousand pounds to save him and a woman he was passionately attached to from such destruction as poverty alone could not have inflicted on them. The generous purpose of Glenmorris, however, was not answered; his friend died abroad, and the heirs refused to repay him; he had therefore sold one of his Scottish estates to satisfy some portion of the debt, and with the income of what remained, had yearly discharged a part of the interest; but still it had grown upon him, and by the chicane of the attorneys, and the complicated law-charges they had

R 4 contrived,

contrived it, now amounted to the same alledged. The man who acted for his pursuer was a friend of Brownjohn's, and that worthy gentleman no sooner heard that Glenmorris was in England, than consciousness of all that must follow, and dreading the vengeance of such a man for Daranell's attempt to carry off his daughter, he made it every way worth the while of this brother attorney to proceed against him, and they concerted such measures as would secure Glenmorris's imprisonment till something more could be found against him, which Brownjohn, from what he knew of his affairs, was sure would not be difficult.

When Delmont found this attorney, whose name was Eyet, and offered him immediate bail in himself and Mr. Armitage, the man answered, that he should not accept it.

"Not accept it?" cried Delmont: "Pray, Mr. Eyet, why not?"

"I am not obliged to give my reasons,

Sir." I shall

"I shall certainly insist upon them,"
Sir.

"You *can't* oblige me to give them,
Sir; but if out of pure civility I am dis-
posed to do it, suppose we say, Sir, that
I don't think either your security or Mr.
Armitage's equal to the sum."

"You don't!"

"No, Sir, I don't."

"This is a most unheard of piece of
insolence."

"Insolence! Mr. Delmont!—I don't
know, Sir, what right you have to talk
to me in that manner, Mr. Delmont;
but I say, Sir, that I will not accept your
bail. In regard to your friend Armitage,
his affairs are known well enough; and
I know that he cannot justify fairly for
the sum; and then, Sir, I mean no of-
fence, Mr. Delmont; but as to your's—"

"What as to mine, Mr. Attorney?"

"I don't mind your fierce looks, Sir,
nor your calling me Attorney. Truth's
truth; and I'll speak it, let who will
look with knock-me-down looks. I say,
Hush!"

Sir, and you know, that your money is all gone, and your estate mortgaged for as much as it is worth for Major Delmont. You cannot deny it, Sir; for I know the man who managed it all, and for Sir, your servant; I am a little busy just now, and I hope you will excuse me." And Delmont had never before felt the passions of anger and contempt struggling so violently in his bosom; he was strongly tempted to strike the man; yet soon rather than philosophy at that moment withheld him; for if he could not consider such a creature as a gentleman, he could hardly class him in the rank of man. Evet was a shrivelled, dust-being, who seemed to have been smoke-dried in the dark office where he carried on his iniquitous trade till he had almost lost the form, and entirely the feelings, of humanity. It was hardly worth Delmont's while to waste a thought or a moment on such a reptile, and conquering his anger, as an emotion which such a disgrace to the species was unworthy of exciting, he

he now hurried to his lodgings, and directing Clement to prepare himself to go off in express to Southampton, he wrote to his brother, requesting that, as a consequence of his marriage he could undoubtedly repay the sum advanced for him without inconvenience; he would be as good as to send him by Clement such orders or means of obtaining payment as might enable him to receive the whole in the course of two days. Having done this, Belmont repaired with an heavy heart to Medora. He was so much and bloodthirsty. Though struck with the grief and concern expressed on his countenance, Medora refrained from importuning him with questions; yet the pain of her mind was too great for dissimulation; and while she listened to such an account of her father as he hoped would soothe her, and while he flattered her with the prospect of her mother's restoration to health (for Medora knew only that she was ill) as soon as they should all be together at Upwood, which he said would be in a

few days, the tears streamed from her eyes, and seemed to fall upon the heart of her lover, as he fondly strained her to his bosom.

"Fear for her safety, since she must be frequently left unprotected, had mingled itself with his other apprehensions, and he proposed conducting her to Upwood, where, said he, "Louisa, who is on a visit till my return, shall meet you. Surely, my lovely friend, it would be better than your remaining here."

The tears of Medora now flowed faster than before. "Oh, be Delmon," said she, "it is in vain you attempt to deceive me. My poor father's detention will be long, or you would never think it necessary that I should precede him in our journey to Upwood; and if I do leave London before him, if such is his pleasure in regard to me, should my steps be directed to the once happy shades of Upwood? should not the sick bed of my mother be my destination? and is it you, my friend, who would have me con-

demned

1

sult

field my safety and my ease where she is not?—No, never, never from Delmont should I listen to a proposal that he would detest me if I should consent to it. The truth is, that my mother will not.” (she could not finish the sentence). “my dear mother is dead or perhaps she is dying, and your tenderness would save me from undergoing the agony of witnessing her situation, even at the expence of my duty and of future repose.”

Delmont was now half-distracted, whether to reveal or still conceal the truth he knew not; nor could he assent to what Medora insisted upon, that she might see her father. At length he obtained, though with infinite difficulty, her promise, that she would endeavour to calm her spirits for that day, on his solemn assurance, that if her father was not, as he hoped and believed he would be, released on the next, she should see him; and that either Armitage or Delmont himself should conduct her to her mother, relative to whose situation he laboured,

houred, though by no means with complete success, to reassure her. Delmont then went back to the prison, where it was again necessary to use dissimulation to quiet the ardent and impetuous temper of Glenmorris, who, like a lion in his chains, was enraged by the infamous conduct of lawyers, and revolted at the abuse of law, boasting in vain of its clemency, while liberty and life were continually at the mercy of depravity and tyranny.

Alone with Armitage, Delmont related to him the reception he had met with from the attorney. Armitage, almost as little versed in the forms used on these occasions as Delmont himself, found it necessary to inquire whether this insolent refusal could be defended, and in such wretched debates passed the rest of this and a part of the following day, when Clement, who had travelled all night, arrived from Southampton, and delivered to his master the following letter:

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Dr.

DR. GEORGE. Thou art mistaken in supposing I can pay thee at half an hour's notice. Where the devil should I get it? I lightened myself presently of the little ready money which the ceremony I have gone through entitled me to. There was no putting by certain cursed bores any other way; and I assure you, *la bellissima donna*, who has made me the happiest of men, was more fortified with settlements and deeds (which made the cash say *noli me tangere*) than I expected; and then above half is not tangible till she is five-and-twenty, a secret I was not let into when I entered into the holy estate of matrimony. We have of course occasion for other little sums for present use—and in a word, dear Geo. the money I have not; but as soon as I have time to look about me a little, you shall hear further on that subject from

“Your’s, &c.

“A. DELMONT.

“The first little lord, our cousin, is dead, and the other, it is said, will never

never be resigned to man's estate, still to this doth thou say even as bravely as I do? I feel myself already in my place, and the odds are twenty to one in my favour." But the same staff battered and

George Delmont, well as he knew his brother, was shocked at this letter. He felt there was no hope of his obtaining the sum necessary to liberate Glenmorris immediately, and all the consequences of a long imprisonment pressed with the bitterest apprehensions on his mind. He was willing, however, to crush the hopes he had given Armitage, that every thing might be arranged that night, and dreading to see Medora still he could certainly assure her of the approaching freedom of her father, he conquered the extreme aversion to the solicitation of favours, and went to every body he could recollect, who were at all likely to afford him a temporary accommodation. His applications were totally fruitless. This had been, as they assured him, under the necessity

necessity of borrowing himself; another had unfortunately purchased into their stocks when they were extremely high, and could not sell out in their present depressed state without such a loss as he was sure his friend Delmont would never require of him. Some offered excuses yet more frivolous. One did not hesitate to reproach him for his peculiar manner of life, and his pretensions to singularity. "You forsake your friends," said this dictatorial personage, "you abandon your prospects, and sacrifice to sink your rank; and then expect that the old friends of your family should come forward to repair the consequences of these detestations of your honour! It need not be added that Delmont from such arrogant impertinence turned with indignant contempt.

"Hopeless of succeeding this way, and almost ashamed of having tried it, he passed another day or night, and his promise to Medora was neither

to be evaded or postponed. He went to her, therefore, without having made up his mind how to tell her that the release of her father was not only not completed but as remote as ever, when with mingled expression on her countenance, for which he could not account, Nedon met him, and put into his hands the following letter:

"Though we are unfortunately strangers to each other, my dear cousin, my heart acknowledges the relationship, a relationship which to you has been only productive of misfortune. I am not of age, and to do all I wish to do towards repairing the partial disposition of fortune is not yet in my power; but as I have heard that your father is under difficulties, and know that your mother has been a considerable sufferer from Lady Mary's unhappy prejudice against him, I take the liberty of inclosing what is but a very small part of that which your family, in the way of a fine black gown, quins as

as my nearest relations, are entitled to; it is my own, and cannot inconvenience me to part with it; and be assured, that no other way in which it could be disposed of would give me half the pleasure which it will bestow upon me, if I hear that you accept and use it to remove any present embarrassments, and consider it as a trifling testimony of the intention to do you all the justice possible, when more shall be in the power of

you. "My dear Cousin's,"
"very affectionate,"
"M. G. CARBONNEL."

The inclosure was five bank notes of a thousand pounds each.

Never had any circumstance merely pecuniary so warmed and elevated the heart of Delmont. He hesitated not to declare that Medora ought to accept of, and use the notes. "Your father," said he, "my best love, will then be liberated this evening; we shall hasten to your mother;

we

we shall once more see her restored to us and Medora will be mine, irrevocably mine; I hardly dare trust myself with the delightful contemplation of the happiness thus opening upon me! What an admirable creature is this cousin of yours! and yet do we not think so, because for any one to do their duty, and above all when money is in question, is so very rare, that it has more effect than, simply considered, any such action ought to have. Your cousin has discovered that she has unknowingly and involuntarily injured you, and this is the most generous apology of a noble mind. She is however a glorious girl, and none can be more sensible of her worth than I am." Of Delmont at that moment thought of his brother's conduct; he felt himself humbled and humiliated for faults not his own, and for the first time in his life blushed to repeat the name of Delmont. He consulted of His opinion as to accepting and immediately, using the notes was decisive with Medora. She persuaded Delmont
 to

to allow of her going with him to her father. The meeting between them was so affecting, that Armitage and Delmont found it absolutely necessary to call off the attention of Glenmorris to the business immediately before them. Mr. Eust was, however, reluctantly obliged to accept the bail of Armitage and Delmont, for two thousand pounds; the rest was immediately paid, and a discharge obtained, after which the liberated debtor, his daughter, and his friends, returned to his lodgings, where Armitage hoped to prevail upon him to remain, while he himself went to Mrs. Glenmorris, could satisfy himself of the state she was in, and endeavour to remove her to Upwood or Ashley Combe, where the favourable change that had happened in their affairs might gradually be disclosed to her, and the family so long separated and so cruelly persecuted, be reunited. But Glenmorris was not disposed to endure the delay of a moment; and Maudra, as well as Delmont being eager to

second

second him, they set out the same evening for the place where Mrs. Glenmorris, yet labouring under the cruel prepossession, which with so much pains had been taken to impress on her mind, still lingered in a state that might with too much justice be called a degree of melancholy madness.

Glenmorris, leaving his daughter to the care of his two friends, insisted on being allowed to speak to her alone. It was in vain both Delamont and Armitage remonstrated against it; he would not be restrained; he beheld the woman he had so long, so fondly debated on, resting on one of those raised mounds of earth so frequent on the downs, supposed to be memorials of the dead; she rather reclined than sat, and her head was pillowed by her lovely arm, while her eyes seemed to be fixed on the moon as it rose from the sea. Susanne, who had notice of his approach, glided away. He sat down near his wife, and took her other hand, uttering her name in a low voice,

voice, "Laura! my own Laura!" The long frozen chords of her heart vibrated to these well known sounds. Mrs. Glenmorris started up, gazed wildly on him a moment, and fell senseless into his arms.

Delmont, Armitage, and Medora, who dreaded some fatal event from this sudden meeting, were soon on the spot, and while Armitage assisted the half frantic Glenmorris to carry his dying Laura to her bed in the poor cottage where she had insisted on continuing, Medora, with the truest courage and feeling, refrained from expressing the despair which was in her heart, and thought only of being useful to her mother, and of consoling her father. The violent revulsion which the sudden appearance of her husband had occasioned was however useful to the long suffering patient; her senses with her recollection slowly returned; for many days she spoke but little, but listened with intelligent eyes to the long explanation that was given her by degrees, and as she was able

able to hear it, of the cause of Medora's absence, and the heroic exertions by which she had passed safely through so many perils. Mrs. Glenmorris, on whom the most invidious and cruel arts had been used to persuade her that Medora had forsaken her, and who had suffered her mind, enfeebled by misfortune, and crushed by pecuniary distress, to dwell on the imaginary miseries thus presented to her, now sunk again under despondence and self-reproach for having a moment yielded to suspicions so unjust, and which such a daughter could so little deserve; but to what strange changes is not the human mind liable, shook as her's was by personal sufferings, with every thing to irritate and perplex her, without a friend to soothe her sorrow, and appearing to herself to be abandoned by all the world. One of the objects who had constituted the happiness of her life, she believed torn from her, while the other, her husband and her protector, was far away, and to him she was denied the alleviation

of communication; it seemed indeed probable she might never see him more!

It was some days before the extreme weakness to which Mrs. Glenmorris was reduced made it safe to remove her to Upwood, where Louisa waited to receive them. Her thoughts often wandered, and often partial relapses alarmed the watchful anxious group around her. When their indefatigable tenderness, with time and tranquillity, had in some degree restored her, the first wish she expressed was for the marriage of Delmont and Medora, the second, that they might go to America. "Oh let us not, my dear friend," said she to Glenmorris, "let us not stay in a country to which we have both returned only to suffer; where we know and have experienced that the poor may, in some cases at least, be persecuted and oppressed with impunity; and where Lady Mary may still think it too much to allow me to breathe the same air with her. Do not let us attempt any more to recover that fortune which we will

not want. Already have we been severely punished for the attempt. Alas! think how many years of comparative felicity we passed before that unfortunate project was suggested to us. I fear, I know not why, that the calm and contented state we then enjoyed, we shall never recover. Oh! no! I feel that my mind is hurt, my temper embittered; and here I shall be haunted by the images of lawyers, the dread of persecution; and such women as Mrs. Grinstead and Mrs. Crewkherne will seem for ever to pursue me; while I stay in England I am sure I shall be incapable of happiness." Glenmorris, though he did not quite assent to her reasons, forbore at that time to contradict her; his whole study was to restore her mind to that firmness and cheerfulness which alone were wanting to the happiness of Delmont and Medora, who were united as soon as the mother they equally loved had regained at least apparent serenity. Very unwilling indeed were both Glenmorris and Del-

mont to pollute the first months of their happiness with the hostile pursuit of those miscreants who had occasioned to them so much calamity; but Glenmorris conceived it due to public justice to expose men, who (by abuse of law) possessing the power, had the disposition to perpetrate so much evil, and in the event Loadsworth and Brownjohn were punished, the former with the loss of his little remaining business, and by accumulated contempt, the latter by being struck off the roll for *frauds*, in which Glenmorris detected him. Darnell, frightened at what he had done, exchanged his commission for one in a corps going to the Cape, and escaped the chastisement that Glenmorris and Delmont meditated—Much of all the transactions in which Lady Mary was concerned was suffered to sink into oblivion on account of her age, and her being the mother of Mrs. Glenmorris, however unnatural she had renounced that character, and above all, in consideration of the admi-

rable Miss Cardonnel, who, though she
 had really preferred Delmont to any man
 she ever saw, commanded herself so much
 as to promote, by her generous conduct,
 his marriage with her cousin, having
 entered voluntarily into such an engage-
 ment as, being under age, she could give,
 to restore to Mrs. George Delmont all
 that share of her grandfather's fortune,
 which, on her attaining her majority, any
 two men of honour would say she was
 entitled to. Lady Mary soon quite sunk
 into second childhood, and Miss Car-
 donnel was at liberty to cultivate the ac-
 quaintance of her only relations, the fa-
 mily of Glenmoris, where she beheld with
 concern, which only so good an heart
 could feel, the ravage which some months
 of mental suffering had made on the still
 fine form and face of her aunt. While
 she was at Upwood for a few days, she
 was first seen by the elder Delmont,
 whose wishes being at length accom-
 plished by the death of both his infant
 relations, he came down in triumph to
 himself

Boston Tower was Earl of Castledanes. He was already heartily tired of his wife, and imagining he might have done so much better, repented of his precipitancy; he saw united in Miss Cardonnell a fortune thrice as large as that he had obtained, with the various advantages of beauty, sweetness, and understanding, in no common degree; he persuaded himself that he might have married her, and his impatience at the yoke he had so hastily put on, repossessed the delight of his newly acquired title and fortune, while Lady Castledanes, though by no means indifferent to her elevation, secretly envied the humble but more fortunate lot of Medora.

George Delmont, who did not recover even the money of which Sir Appulby Gorges had got possession without a law suit, and who, even when Lord Castledanes had paid him, was very far from being rich, was nevertheless a much happier man than Adolphus, though the latter was now in possession of what he used to believe the

summit of his wishes. If George had any wish left, it was to reconcile Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris to England, and to engage them to fix their residence at Upwood. Armitage too, whose pleasures were solely dependent on literary gratifications, and in witnessing the happiness of his friends, endeavoured to persuade Glenmorris to continue in his native island. He was contented to yield to their solicitations for some time, but never relinquished his intention of returning to America. "If I have those I love with me," said he, "is not every part of the globe equally my country? And has not this, which you are pleased to call my native land, thrown me from her bosom when I *might* have served her? Did she leave me any choice between imprisonment and flight? Now, averse from the means by which political power and influence can be obtained, and without a fortune to live but in continual pecuniary difficulties, why should I ask an asylum of this haughty

haughty mother country for my declining days? *If such things were done in the green leaf what shall be done in the dry?*"

"Have a care my good friend," said Armitage, when he was once talking in this manner, "Have a care, lest you yield in all this to a false pride, to a pride utterly unworthy of a mind like yours. You feel yourself out of your place in England, because you have not power, or great affluence (which in fact is power); but is not that a sensation a little bordering on the sentiment,

Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven?"

"No," replied Glenmorris, "I have no desire to reign any where; but I do not love to be in a country where I am made to pay very dear for advantages which exist not but in idea. I do not love to live where I see a frightful contrast between luxury and wretchedness; where I must daily witness injustice I cannot repress, and misery I cannot relieve. In America, you say, I must abandon so-

diet, and starve my understanding. I'll
 deny it, however. The great book of
 nature is open before me, and poor must
 be his taste who cannot find in it a more
 noble study than that of sophisticated
 minds, which we call society here, where
 at every step we take something appears
 to shock or disgust us; where all great-
 ness of character seems lost, and where, if
 we desire to study human nature unde-
 lated by ~~is~~ *inhuman* prejudices, we live
 nearly as the painter would do, who would
 turn from the study of the exquisitely
 simple Grecian statue to the debasing
 eyes with the spectacle of court figures
 in hoops and perruigs. In this coun-
 try, my dear Armitage, as you know
 very well, we do not value *our* *art* *which*
 which, being translated, seems to me to
 mean, *the great simple*; if no, we appre-
 ciate moral excellence by success, by for-
 tune, which gives fashion, and imputes
 perfection (a temporary one indeed, but
 which still answers all their purposes) to
 the mere puppets of a season. I will not
 talk

talk to you about politics, because you
 are among the moderates and quietists;
 you endure all things, you hope all
 things, you believe all things. Now I
 who do not love enduring much, who
 have little to hope, and *and who believe nothing*, inter-
 rupted Armistice. *Oh! pardon me,* rejoined Glen-
 moris, *I believe a vast deal; but we*
will not talk of that; not that we should
dissem in the great principles of our ac-
tions, and all the rest is mere verbal
wringling; a difference in terms rather
than things. While you can be toler-
 ably happy yourself, my dear friend, in
 this country, or believe that you can do
 good to its people, it is very fit you should
 stay; for *me* who, *sooth to say*, am
 not happy in it myself, and despair of
 being of any use in promoting, beyond
 a very narrow circle, indeed, the happi-
 ness of others, the necessity of my re-
 maining is by no means so evident. You
 agree with me, that true philanthropy
 does

does not consist in loving John, and Thomas, and George, and James, because they are our brothers, our cousins, our neighbours, our countrymen, but in benevolence to the whole human race; if that be true, let me ask you whether I can be thoroughly contented here, where I see that the miseries inflicted by the social compact greatly exceed the happiness derived from it; where I observe an artificial polish, glaring but fallacious on one side, and on the other real and bitter wretchedness; where for a great part of the year my ears are every week shocked by the cries of hawkers, informing who has been dragged to execution; and where, to come directly home, it is at the mercy of any rascal, to whom I have given an opportunity of cheating me of ten pounds, to swear a debt against me, and carry me to the abodes of horror, where the malefactor groans in irons, the debtor languishes in despair. Is or is not this picture true? and if it be, can I love to live in such a country

country only because I drew my first breath in a remote corner of it? No, dear Armitage, if Delmont will not fail me, if he will let me for a little while, at least have my Medora in my adopted country, if, notwithstanding his advantages here, he has, as I believe, manliness enough to say,

All countries that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wife man homes and happy havens,

we will once more cross the Atlantic, and I will try to teach him, that wherever a thinking man enjoys the most uninterrupted domestic felicity, and sees his species the most content, *that* is his country."

Mrs. Glenmorris, whose mind long suffered from the shock she had sustained, and who could not hear some names without trembling, was equally anxious to quit England, and Delmont, who had nothing but his local attachment to Upwood as a balante against his desire to gratify the parents of his wife, hesitated

not

not a moment to determine to do as Glenmorris desired. Indeed the pleasure with which from a boy he had cherished that favourite spot of earth was considerably embittered now, by the residence of his brother to near it. The character of Lord Castledanes had acquired room to display itself, and it became every day more essentially different from that of Delmont. The house was altogether unlike what it once was. Lady Castledanes tried to make herself amends, by the splendor and profusion of her establishment, for the want of real happiness, and unwilling to acknowledge to herself that she failed, affected a forbidding haughty gaiety, which made her utterly disagreeable to Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora, the former of whom was compelled entirely to decline parties which were too fatiguing to her in her present state of health. Glenmorris could never command his satirical vein enough to mix with them, and Delmont persisted now, as he had done formerly, in keeping

his

his personal freedom inviolate, and not being compelled to sacrifice half his time to this man, because he was his relation, to another, because he was rich or powerful, and to a third, because he was reckoned a wit—Still his neighbourhood to, and near connection with, such a family as that which inhabited Bolton Tower rendered his own house less pleasant to him, and his immediate study was, to make such regulations as should render his ceasing to reside on his estate as little injurious as possible to those who looked up to him for the comforts of their humble situation; but Louisa was at this time addressed by, and soon after married to, a Mr. Sydenham, a man who appeared to her brother as unexceptionable as he could desire for a beloved sister. It was agreed they should tenant Upwood, and Dalmont had no longer any apprehension, that his poor neighbours, and more immediate dependants, would be greatly injured by his temporary absence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Crewkherne, though it could not be said that *concealed malevolence, like a worm in the bud, preyed on her fellow cheek* (for she failed not to continue her maledictions against her younger nephew and his connections) yet did not long survive his marriage; she died in charity with nobody; and if Mr. Bethune and Caroline had not taken considerable pains to prevent it, would have altered her will, and have left the bulk of her fortune to the brethren, having been much displeased with her favourite niece in as much as she would not renounce her brother George. With Lord Castledane she was also at variance, and he scorned to take the least pains to conciliate her. Yet, however dissatisfied with this world, the old lady was extremely unwilling to go to another, which, with those who had heard her aspirations, and seen with whom she was surrounded, did no great credit to their enthusiastic professions.

Miss

Miss Richmond, on the return of her brother from abroad, prevailed on her father to consent to her marriage with a man to whom she had long been attached. After their marriage, Miss Cardonnel passed great part of her time with them, where she was addressed by a great number of lovers, all of whom however she declined without assigning the true reason, which was, that she wished to remain unmarried till she became of age, when she was determined on a just and amicable division of the disputed part of her inheritance with Medora, now Mrs. Delmont.

That lovely and beloved young woman, with no other alloy to her happiness than what was created by fears for her mother's health, was the delight of all who knew her, as well in America as in England. In the performance of every duty that could render her dear to her family, and in the possession of every accomplishment that sweetens and adorns society,

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society, she seemed to have been created as a counterpart to the generous and almost faultless character, while she constituted the almost perfect felicity, of
THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

THE END.

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